

Dec. 23, 1950

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NEW YORKER



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101 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 22, PLAZA 922347

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

AFFAIRS OF STATE—Celeste Holm in a comedy dealing with Washington love and politics, neat and unsurprising, that is Louis Verneuil's first job of playwriting in English. With Reginald Owen, Barbara O'Neil, and Shepherd Strudwick. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

BELL, BOOK AND CANDLE—John van Druten's comedy about witchcraft in modern Manhattan lags a bit toward the end, but it is still a remarkably entertaining play. Lilli Palmer makes an enchanting sorceress, Rex Harrison is excellent as her bewitched admirer, and the rest of the cast, including a Siamese cat, is very good, too. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

BLACK CHIFFON—An English hit that makes one wonder if acting is all London wants. The acting is fine. Flora Robson, Anthony Ireland, Richard Gale, and others. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE COUNTRY GIRL—Clifford Odets' play about an alcoholic actor and his understanding wife is likely to remind you of several things you've seen before, but it has its touching moments. Uta Hagen and Paul Kelly are splendid in the leading roles. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

HILDA CRANE—Jessica Tandy is the exceptionally competent star of Samson Raphaelson's rather bleak play about a girl who married the wrong man. Evelyn Varden, John Alexander, and Beulah Bondi do mighty well, too. (Coronet, 40th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE LADY'S NOT FOR BURNING—There are stirring performances by John Gielgud, as a cynical warrior, and Pamela Brown, as an alleged witch, in Christopher Fry's interesting, if sometimes fairly ornate, comedy in verse. Among the others are Eliot Makeham, George Howe, Penelope Munday, and Richard Burton. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

PETER PAN—Jean Arthur is Peter, Marcia Henderson is Wendy, and Boris Karloff is both Mr. Darling and Captain Hook in this stylish and intelligent revival of the Barrie fantasy. Also, Leonard Bernstein has contributed some arresting incidental music. A first-rate production, though the play itself may call for a somewhat indulgent attitude. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays and Mondays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:40.)

RING ROUND THE MOON—Gilbert Miller has given a superlative production to this slight but very attractive comedy, which was translated from Jean Anouilh's French original by Christopher Fry. Lucile Watson, Stella Andrew, Oscar Karlweis, and Denholm Elliott play important parts in it. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas Day, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinee Thursday, Dec. 28.)

SEASON IN THE SUN—Wolcott Gibbs has revamped his series of Fire Island stories into one of the funniest plays to come along in some time. With Richard Whorf, Nancy Kelly, Paula Laurence, Anthony Ross, and King Calder. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE TOWER BEYOND TRAGEDY—Judith Anderson's Clytemnestra is almost as memorable as her



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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Medea, but this Robinson Jeffers play is not quite as well suited to the stage. The supporting players include Thelma Schnee, as Cassandra; Marian Seldes, as Electra; and Alfred Ryder, as Orestes. The first of a series of subscription productions offered by the American National Theatre and Academy. (ANTA Playhouse, 52nd St., W. Nightly at 8:45. Matinee Thursday at 2:45. Closes Friday, Dec. 22. For information about subscriptions and tickets, call LU 2-0880.)

LONG RUNS—THE COCKTAIL PARTY: T. S. Eliot's play dealing with an unorthodox psychiatrist and some bothersome patients. Now with Henry Daniell. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas Day, at 8:35. Matinees Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:35; special matinee Wednesday, Dec. 27.) ... **THE HAPPY TIME:** A high-spirited French-Canadian family and the effect of its uninhibited behavior on an adolescent boy. Roger Dann now has the lead. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.) ... **THE MEMBER**

OF THE WEDDING: Carson McCullers' adaptation of her novel concerning a young girl's desperate need to identify herself with something or somebody. With Ethel Waters, Julie Harris, and Brandon De Wilde. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) ... **MISTER ROBERTS:** The one about a Navy cargo ship during the war. John Forsythe has replaced Henry Fonda in the lead. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

CALL ME MADAM—Ethel Merman plays a lady ambassador just about the way she played Annie Oakley, which is, of course, practically perfectly. The occasionally disappointing book is the work of Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse; Irving Berlin wrote the generally excellent songs; and the cast includes Paul Lukas, Alan Hewitt, Russell Nye, and Pat Harrington. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

BLESS YOU ALL—Mary McCarty, Pearl Bailey, and Jules Munshin in a revue that is funny about half the time, which is probably par for the course. Arnold Auerbach wrote the sketches, Harold Rome did the music and lyrics, Helen Tamiris handled the choreography, and John C. Wilson is the director. (Mark Hellinger, Broadway at 51st St. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

GUYS AND DOLLS—This triumphant comedy, adapted from one of Damon Runyon's stories, at last gives us a worthy rival to "South Pacific." The book is the work of Abe Burrows and Jo Swerling, Frank Loesser wrote the music and lyrics, George S. Kaufman is the director, and the fine cast is headed by Isabel Bigley, Sam Levene, Robert Alda, and Vivian Blaine. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MICHAEL TODD'S PEEP SHOW—Mr. Todd has resurrected burlesque in a big, rough show that features six former practitioners of the art, as well as some of the handsomest and most lightly clad girls you ever saw. Bobby Clark directed the sketches; the music is the work of many hands, among them those of the King of Thailand; and Lina Romay is in the cast. Not recommended for the overly fastidious. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

PARDON OUR FRENCH—This Olsen and Johnson enterprise, which reopens with a matinee on Christmas Eve, is very much like the three that preceded it and will presumably attract the same public. In addition to the two masterminds, the cast includes Marty May, Denise Darcel, Helene Stanley, and six astonishingly energetic midgets. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinees Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES: Lorelei Lee and her trip abroad. Carol Channing, Yvonne Adair, and Jack McCauley populate the Anita Loos story. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **KISS ME, KATE:** "The Taming of the Shrew" as Shakespeare might have written it if he had had a hand from Cole Porter. Now with Anne Jeffreys and Ted Scott. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **SOUTH PACIFIC:** Reopens Christmas Day, after a week's vacation. Ray Middleton is now playing opposite Mary Martin. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25.

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THE NEW YORKER
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THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XXVI, No. 44, Dec. 23, 1950. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1950, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year \$7.00; Philippines, Latin America, and Spain, \$7.50; Canada, \$8.00; Other Foreign, \$10.00.

Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

OUT OF THIS WORLD—A new Cole Porter musical, with Charlotte Greenwood and William Eythe. The book is by Dwight Taylor and Reginald Lawrence. Staged by Agnes de Mille, and produced by Saint Subber and Lemuel Ayers. Opens Thursday, Dec. 21. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

TWENTIETH CENTURY—A revival of the Ben Hecht-Charles MacArthur comedy, in which José Ferrer and Gloria Swanson lead the cast. Directed by Mr. Ferrer. The third of a series of subscription productions offered by the American National Theatre and Academy. Opens Sunday, Dec. 24, and will run through Friday, Jan. 5. (ANTA Playhouse, 52nd St., W. Nightly, except Tuesdays, at 8:45; opening-night curtain at 8:15. Matinées Thursdays and Saturday at 2:45. For information about subscriptions and tickets, call LU 2-0880.)

KING LEAR—Louis Calhern in Shakespeare's tragedy, along with Arnold Moss, Edith Atwater, and Nina Foch. Directed by John Houseman, and produced by Robert L. Joseph and Alexander H. Cohen. Opens Christmas night. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

NEW YORK CITY THEATRE COMPANY—Shaw's "Captain Brassbound's Conversion" is the first in a series of three plays to be presented by the company. With Edna Best and John Archer, and directed by Morton DaCosta. Opens Wednesday, Dec. 27, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 7. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8:15. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

AN ENEMY OF THE PEOPLE—Fredric March and Florence Eldridge in Arthur Miller's adaptation of Ibsen's play. Produced by Lars Nordenson and directed by Robert Lewis. Opens Thursday, Dec. 28. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

ARMS AND THE MAN—A theatre-in-the-round production of Shaw's play, with Francis Lederer and Sam Wanamaker. (Arena, Hotel Edison, 234 W. 47th St. PL 7-1093. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—In the Trianon Room, at dinner and supper, except Sundays. Jules Lande's and Nino de Moraes' orchestras play gently for dancing.

BILTMORE, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Harold Nagel's orchestra plays during dinner in the Madison Room and for cocktails in the Palm Court. No dancing in either place, and all quiet Sundays.

GOGI'S LARUE, 45 E. 58th St. (EL 5-6374)—The grandeur that was Rome, set to the festive music of Ted Straeter's dance band and the nostalgic strains of Gogi's choir of parading violinists. A black tie is required on Friday nights. Closed Mondays.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The oldest show in town, and the most durable group of dramatic personae. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing.

NEW YORKER, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—The Terrace Room twice a night has an ice show. Alice Farrar is the most eye-catching bit of equipment and Carol Lyne the most stately. Dance music by Ray Robbins' and Peter Kent's orchestras. Closed Sundays, except Dec. 24, and Christmas Day.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The well-tempered glidings of Tony and Sally

De Marco, those sure-footed mountain chamois, and the remarkable harpings of Robert Maxwell, a handy man at a stringed instrument, are presented in the Cotillion Room at dinner and supper. Sundays there's just a dinner show, and Mondays there's nothing at all, not even dinner. Stanley Melba's orchestra, as usual, functions for dancing, helped out by Ralph Lane's rumba band. Tea dancing Sundays with the same orchestras, and the De Marcos as performing hosts. . . . Stanley Worth's dance orchestra from cocktails through supper in the Café Pierre, where Page Morton sings to her own piano accompaniment.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 0-3000)—During dinner and (except Christmas Day) supper in the Persian Room, Kyle MacDonnell sings and the Beatrice Kraft dancers—well, dance. Mark Monte's Continentals are on the bandstand, along with Dick La Salle's orchestra. Closed Sundays. . . . The Rendez-Vous Room, an elegant splash of period-piece color, has Maximilian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's dance orchestras after eight-thirty. . . . Leo LeFleur's music during the cocktail hour in the Palm Court. No dancing.

RITZ-CARLTON, Madison Ave. at 46th St. (MU 8-3000)—Emery Deutsch's orchestra muses in the splendid old Oval Room all through dinner, except Sundays, when Harold Sandler's orchestra fills in. . . . The Palm Court has Mr. Sandler's cocktail music from four to seven, except Sundays. No dancing anywhere.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Guy Lombardo, one of the Founding Fathers, is playing in the Grill at dinner and supper every night but Sunday and Christmas.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 53th St. (PL 3-4500)—Jane Morgan, a nice Christmas-tree decoration, sings the sassy soubrette songs of Bud Redding and other knowing boulevardiers, New York and Parisian, at dinner and supper in the Maisonette, where Milt Shaw's and Horace Diaz's orchestras thump merrily away all evening. Closed Sundays and Christmas Day.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—The Café Lounge is filled with Irving Conn's dance music every afternoon and evening.

SHERRY-NETHERLAND, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—The Carnival Room, another of those halls with a Diplomatic Corps atmosphere, has some of Lester Lanin's men as well as Jan Brunesco's gypsy ensemble playing dance music during dinner and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . Don Abney is at the piano in the Café bar from six to twelve, except Sundays.

STATLER, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Ray Anthony's band is in the Café Rouge to make dance music at dinner and supper. On Friday, Dec. 29, Frankie Carle's orchestra will replace it. Closed Sundays.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1040)—You can't tell the guest stars from the cash customers without a program. Suzy Mulligan sings; Payson Re's orchestra and a rumba band provide music to dance to.



VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Edith Piaf, the littlest spellbinder of them all, for whom St. Peter's gates are sure to open twice a night. She gets sturdy support from an invisible choir, an invisible accordionist, and an invisible Emile Petti, who at other times operates a highly visible orchestra in alternation with Panchito's rumba band.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Wedgwood Room, at dinner and supper, there is Lisa Kirk, a career girl with a worldly eye and a noticeable soprano. Emil Coleman's and Mischa Borr's bands, both a trifle noisy, play for dancing. Everybody shows up at both dinner and supper except Sundays, when Mr. Borr's outfit is the only amusement, and even he knocks off at midnight. On Thursday, Dec. 28, a new show, including the Continentals, who sing, and Nelle Fisher, who dances. . . . The Flamingo Room has Michael Zarin's orchestra for dancing from six o'clock on. Closed Sundays.

NOTE—The enormous Rainbow Room is again open, but only for cocktails, from four-thirty to nine, and is closed Sundays. Take the 30 Rockefeller Plaza elevator marked "Rainbow Room," and go early enough to get one of the north-window tables, from which New York really looks like Bagdad-on-the-Hudson. Incidental music by Ford Harrison and some helpers. The phone, CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Cy Walter's crisp mood music at dinner and supper in this opulent retreat. Visiting artists take over on Sundays. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, a walking *l'ho's l'ho* on Park Avenue, is displaying his indestructible grin and dance band here from eight o'clock on. Phil D'Arcy's trio assists. Closed Sundays and Christmas Day. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Piano-and-violin music after nine-thirty for a busy collection of table-hoppers. Closed Sundays and Christmas Day. . . . **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Except Sundays, Toni Koves and her gypsy trio from eight-thirty on, and Ernie Warren's trio after ten. Sundays, Nancy Reed is at the piano. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spanish jive, with dancing by both cast and customers. Closed Sundays. . . . **NINO**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): Rudy Timfield plays dinner and supper piano in the bar, a fine example of the hyperthyroid school of décor. Closed Sundays and Christmas Day. . . . **VIEUX CARRE**, 13 E. 55th St. (PL 3-7206): Louis Hawkins, a romantic pianist and young-man-about-town with a casual talent for amusing, has a cocktail party, a dinner party, and a supper party going on every night but Monday in this reminder of old New Orleans, just above L'Aiglon Restaurant. . . . **CELESTE**, 28 W. 56th St. (JU 6-9063): After the theatre, Portia Nelson, draped against Bart Howard's piano, sings some flattering thoughts about twentieth-century love. Jim Mahoney is at the piano at dinner. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA**, 127 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9131): Vicente Gomez, the Latin Eddie Condon, treats his dinner and supper guests to some deft guitar, song, dance, banter, and folk music. Closed Tuesdays. . . . **CAFÉ MADISON**, Madison Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-5000): Piano music from six to nine Mondays through Fridays, and Bernie Dolen's orchestra for dancing between the same hours on Saturdays and from noon to nine on Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): A forest primeval where, if your sight is keen, you will descry Henny Youngman, Lindy's gift to night life, and Luba Malina, a sight for sore eyes. Lots of other stuff, including the girls, of whom Betty Harris and Jean Caples are probably the ones most likely to succeed. Dancing. . . . **DIAMOND HORSESHOE**, 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500)—Quite a bit of tourist bait and very little elbowroom. Joe Howard, a nineteenth-century landmark, sings, and dozens of other people cavort. Noble Sissle and Billy Banks are in charge of the dance music. Thursday, Dec. 28, is a benefit night. . . . **OLD KNICK MUSIC HALL**, Second Ave. at 54th St. (PL 9-2724): Gay Nineties melodrama, and old silent movies embellished by Paul Kilham's pun-haunted commentary. Singing waiters, singing guests, the parody ballads of

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Clara Cedrone and Bill Meigs, dancing, and other basket-party atmosphere. Closed Sunday, Dec. 24. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): Josh White, singing and playing his own freehand Americana in a fairly tumultuous milieu. Fletcher Henderson's dance band and Cliff Jackson's interlude piano.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): In the lounge, a brilliant group of musicians—Ralph Strain, except Mondays, at the piano during cocktails and dinner; Eadie and Rack doing their unique piano duets after the theatre, except Saturdays. . . . In the back room, every night, Connie Sawyer's brisk, brusque burlesque show, Susan Reed's quiet little hill-billy ditties, George Prentice's madcap puppets, and Bill Hayes' easygoing song recital. Stuart Ross is at the piano, the Herman Chittison Trio is on the stand, and Harold Cooke is master of ceremonies. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Ronnie Graham, the pleasantest Dracula you'd ever want to meet, singing his ballads about who knows what; Bibi Osterwald, a rollicking hoot owl; the Three Riffs, those merry lampooners; and Hugh Shannon, purveyor of modern love songs. The music is by Julius Monk and the virtuoso Norman Paris Trio. Closed Sundays and Christmas Day. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Irwin Corey, the world's worst Hamlet, tears Shakespeare and his own mind to shreds every night but Monday. Hope Foye sings sad songs, and Clarence Williams, Karl Lynch, and others make dance music. On Tuesday, Dec. 26, a new show, headed by Richard Dyer-Bennett. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, headmasters of this Village academy, play piano for Louise Howard, one of their pet postgraduate students, who, as before, burlesques some unnecessary types with malice aforethought, and for Erik Rhodes, owner of a convincing tenor. Hazel Webster is the solo pianist. Ancient movies Sundays; amateur nights Mondays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM**, 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4759): Upstairs over the harum-scarum Show Spot bar, except Sundays, Mabel Mercer's unique portfolio of songs on the what-good-is-love theme. Sam Hamilton is her pianist. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): A lofty bird cage in which Spivy now and again recites her conversation pieces about the penthouse set. Closed Sundays, except Dec. 24, and Christmas Day. . . . **LA COMMEDIA**, 59 W. 52nd St. (PL 9-3477): Two blithe spirits at work in this casual restaurant—Laurie Brewis, whose piano begins around nine-thirty, and Jo Hurt, whose antics begin around eleven. Closed Sundays and Christmas Day. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Mae Barnes, that indomitable steam calliope, is pacing her old pals Jimmie Daniels and Norene Tate, who sing nostalgically, and Garland Wilson, who fools around on the piano. Alice Ghostley, a newcomer, is often a very funny girl as she rambles through the raffish ditties of G. Wood, her accompanist. The fur starts flying around ten-thirty. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHEZ VITO**, Hotel Meurice, 145 W. 58th St. (CI 7-7440): Pat Rainey, a statuesque Juno, is back here again, in a casually *gamine* mood and with songs to match, every evening but Monday.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison, uttering his stalwart call of the wild. Cutty Cutshall, Buzzy Drootin, Edmond Hall, Bob Casey, Gene Schroeder, and Mr. Condon help him rattle the doors, and Ralph Sutton tears off some exceptional piano in between. On Tuesday nights, the racket is increased by fire-breathing visitors. Closed Sundays, except Dec. 24, and Christmas Day. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's Dixieland band, with Andy Russo on trombone, is now in residence. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Jimmy Archey, Tommy Benford, Pops Foster, and Dick Wellstood, thinking out loud about their pet

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pastime. Don Frye plays solo piano. Jam sessions Monday nights; closed Sundays, except Christmas Eve. Dancing. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): The usual milling mob of musicians, the most prominent of whom are Ella Fitzgerald, singing like a wayward lark, and Billy Taylor's quartet. Jam sessions Mondays. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO**, 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): Those Friday-night hoedowns. On Dec. 22, Wild Bill Davison, Max Kaminsky, Mezz Mezzrow, James P. Johnson, and George Wettling will be on hand. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Another scene of Friday-night carnage. This week (Dec. 22), Big Sid Catlett, Red Allen, and Gene Cedric will throw their weight around. Dancing.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6. They will all be closed Christmas Day.)

GALLERIES

AFRICAN SCULPTURE AND CUBISM—Early paintings by Braque, Picasso, Léger, Severini, and others, plus a handsome selection of African sculptures of the sort that influenced these artists so strongly. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St., through Jan. 15.)

AMERICANS IN PARIS—Oils and sculptures by eighteen young artists working in Paris, interesting as an indication of what the rising generation is up to. (Hacker, 24 W. 58th St.; through Dec. 30.)

MILTON AVERY—Monotypes taken from glass, as well as some small paintings, all executed in the last year or so, with such subjects as sea forms and birds. (Laurel, 108 E. 57th St.; through Dec. 30.)

A CENTURY OF THE AMERICAN RAILROAD—Oils, water colors, and prints dealing with railroading and its history. (American British Art Gallery, 122 E. 55th St.; through Jan. 13.)

CHRISTMAS SHOWS—A list of some of the galleries that are showing moderate-priced works for the benefit of holiday-gift shoppers—At the A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.: A selection of paint-

ings, sculptures, and prints by, among others, Moses Soyer, Joseph Solman, and Gregorio Prestopino; through Dec. 23. . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Paintings, sculptures, prints, and ceramics by Frederic Taubes, Arnold Blanch, Thomas Benton, and others; through Dec. 23. . . . **BABCOCK**, 38 E. 57th St.: Small paintings by a group of Americans ranging from Ryder and Eakins to such moderns as Will Barnet and Jean Liberte; through Dec. 30. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 106 E. 57th St.: Oils, water colors, prints, and sculptures by Virginia Cuthbert, Chris Ritter, Joseph Konzal, and others. Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; through Jan. 5. . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: Recent work by contemporary American painters and sculptors, among them Marin, Shahn, Sheeler, and Zorach; through Dec. 23. . . . **GANSO**, 125 E. 57th St.: Paintings, prints, and ceramics by Milton Avery, Edward John Stevens, Ethel and Jenne Magafan, and others; through Jan. 3. . . . **GRAND CENTRAL**, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.: Water colors and etchings by Henry Gasser, James Carlin, Gordon Grant, and others; through Dec. 23. . . . **GRAND CENTRAL MODERNS**, 130 E. 56th St.: A selection of work by such gallery artists as Byron Browne, Xavier Gonzalez, and George Morrison; through Dec. 30. . . . **MACBETH**, 111 E. 57th St.: Water colors by Ogden Pleissner, Andrew Wyeth, and Joseph DeMartini, among others; through Dec. 30. . . . **NEW-AGE**, 138 W. 15th St.: Works in a variety of mediums by Minna Citron, Robert Gwathmey, Zoltan Hecht, and others. Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 2; Saturdays and Sunday, 1 to 5; through Dec. 30. . . . **NEW GALLERY**, 63 W. 44th St.: Paintings and sculptures by David Hare, Willem de Kooning, Franz Kline, and other contemporary Americans. Weekdays, 10 to 8; through Dec. 30. . . . **PASSEDOIT**, 121 E. 57th St.: B. J. O. Nordfeldt, William Lester, Hannah Small, and others, in a showing of paintings and sculptures; through Dec. 30. Closes at noon on Saturday, Dec. 23. . . . **PERLS**, 32 E. 58th St.: Fourteenth annual holiday showing of modern French and American artists, including André Bauchant, Marie Laurencin, Darrel Austin, and Picasso; through Dec. 30. . . . **SALPETER**, 36 W. 56th St.: Small oils by gallery artists, among them Maurice Sievan, Alex Redein, and Leo Quanchi. Weekdays, noon to 6; through Dec. 30. . . . **SERIGRAPH**, 38 W. 57th St.: Serigraphs by Morris Blackburn, Leonard Pytlak, Frank Davidson, and many others; through Jan. 8. . . . **VIVIANO**, 42 E. 57th St.: Italian and American moderns, including Afro, Mirko, Kay Sage, and Felix Ruvolo; through Dec. 30. Closes at noon on Saturday, Dec. 23.

JOSEPH CORNELL—A new set of his constructions, made from boxes, bits of broken glass, maps, trapezes, and other objects. (Egan, 63 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 13.)

SALVADOR DALI—A large Madonna, plus some smaller works, all technically impeccable, as always, but the products of an inspiration that is now a little jaded. (Carstairs, 11 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 10.)

DEAN FAUSETT—Competent and attractive landscapes, figure studies, and other works. (Kraushaar, 32 E. 57th St.; through Dec. 30.)

LES FAUVES—Early paintings, all done during their Fauvist periods, by Matisse, Vlaminck, Braque, Derain, and lesser-known Frenchmen, in a lively and colorful showing. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.; through Dec. 30.)

FIFTEEN UNKNOWN—Thirteen painters and two sculptors, none of whom has exhibited before, in this gallery's annual sifting out of new talent. (Kootz, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.; through Dec. 30.)

ALBERTO GIACOMETTI—Recent sculptures, paintings, and drawings by the Italian modernist. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.; through Dec. 30.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the FEIGL, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: A rather hit-or-miss but cheerful showing of paintings by Soutine, Vlaminck, and other artists more or less connected with the Expressionist movement; through Dec. 30. . . . **DELIUS**, 18 E. 64th St.: Paintings by William Ward Beecher, Rolf Gérard, Johannes Schiefer, and R. D. Kaufmann; through Dec. 23. . . . **LEVITT**, 559 Madison Ave., at 56th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Otis Dozier, Everett Spruce, Charles Umlauf, and others. Each artist has contributed





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

two works, one dated 1940 and one 1950. Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9:30; through Dec. 30. . . . **MILCH**, 55 E. 57th St.: Americans of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, including Ryder, Mary Cassatt, Bellows, and Sargent; through Dec. 30. . . . **PERIDOT**, 6 E. 12th St.: Nice oils by Weldon Kees, James Brooks, Arthur Drexler, and others among the younger moderns; through Jan. 2. . . . **REHN**, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.: Paintings by Alexander Brook, Franklin Watkins, Edward Hopper, and other Americans; through Dec. 29. . . . **ROSENBERG**, 16 E. 57th St.: New oils by Milton Avery, Karl Knaths, Abraham Rattner, and Max Weber; through Dec. 30. . . . **JACQUES SELIGMANN**, 5 E. 57th St.: A selection of color lithographs and other works by Ary Stillman, Hans Moller, Margaret Lowengrund, and others; through Dec. 23.

MODERN FRENCH—At the **CARRÉ**, 712 Fifth Ave., at 56th St.: Small paintings, most of them within the price range of the beginning collector, by Léger, Villon, Gromaire, and other contemporaries; through Jan. 13. . . . **NIVEAU**, 63 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Braque, Utrillo, Bombois, Soutine, and others; through Jan. 16.

NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS—Work by candidates for the Institute's 1951 art grants, among them Paul Cadmus, Milton Hebal, Edward Chavez, and Aaron Bohrod, (American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St. Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5; through Jan. 15.)

OLD MASTER DRAWINGS—Examples by European artists of the sixteenth through the nineteenth centuries. Tintoretto, Delacroix, Gainsborough, and Renoir are represented. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.; through Dec. 30.)

PRINTS—An exhibition spanning the past six centuries and including etchings, lithographs, and engravings by such artists as Rembrandt, Holbein, and Lucas van Leyden. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.; through Dec. 30.)

SCULPTURE—A large and well selected collection tracing the progression from Rodin to such later men as Lehmbruck, Calder, and Henry Moore. (Buchholz, 32 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 6. Closes at 2 on Saturday, Dec. 23.)

CESARE STEA—Oils and sculptures, the former depicting religious subjects, as well as some extremely warm and sympathetic family scenes. (Artists', 851 Lexington Ave., at 64th St. Weekdays, noon to 5:30; through Dec. 23.)

MARK TOBEY—A new set of water colors, delicately abstract in style, by this artist from the Northwest. (Willard, 32 E. 57th St.; through Dec. 30.)

SOME OF THIS WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Gene Grant; through Jan. 6. . . . **PARSONS**, 15 E. 57th St.: Hedda Sterne and Forrest Bess; through Jan. 6.

MUSEUMS

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—"Italy at Work," a large collection of furniture, metalwork, glass, machinery, jewelry, and ceramics, as well as model interiors for a theatre lobby, a chapel, and a dining room, all intended to illustrate the progress of contemporary Italian design; through Jan. 31. . . . A comprehensive exhibition of American woodcuts and wood engravings, dated from 1670 to 1950; through Jan. 7. (Weekdays, except Christmas Day, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A show selected by a national jury and called "American Painting Today—1950," in which more than three hundred artists are represented; through Feb. 25. . . . Bronze sculptures, ancient and modern, from the permanent collection; through Jan. 21. . . . About

fifty prints and drawings by Goya; through Feb. 28. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Christmas Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Sketches and pen-and-ink drawings by the late Charles Dana Gibson, including political cartoons, a couple of portraits, and many versions of the well-known Gibson Girl. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, except Christmas Eve, 1 to 5; through Feb. 20.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of close to seventy-five oils by the Lithuanian-born French Expressionist Chaim Soutine, who died in 1943. (Weekdays, except Christmas Day, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7; through Jan. 7.)

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A group show by the Museum's regulars, among them Hilla Rebay and Josef Albers, as well as by some Germans as yet little known here. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6; through Jan. 31.)

RIVERSIDE MUSEUM, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Paintings of Tibet and adjacent countries by Nicholas Roerich. (Daily, except Christmas Day, 1 to 5; through Jan. 31.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8th St.—The Museum's seventeenth Annual Exhibition of Contemporary American Painting, with a hundred and fifty-four works, by as many artists, which is more radical in style than usual. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5; through Dec. 31.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall LU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday, Dec. 21, at 8: "The Magic Flute," with Nadine Conner, Erna Berger, Brian Sullivan, and Hugh Thompson. . . . Friday, Dec. 22, at 8:15: "The Barber of Seville," with Patrice Munsel, Jean Madeira, Giuseppe Valdengo, and Giuseppe Di Stefano. . . . Saturday, Dec. 23, at 2: "Faust," with Dorothy Kirsten, Anne Bollinger, Jussi Bjoerling, and Cesare Siepi. . . . Saturday, Dec. 23, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Ljuba Welitch, Regina Resnik, Paul Schoeffler, and Eugene Conley. . . . Monday, Dec. 25, at 8: "Don Carlo," with Delia Rigal, Blanche Thebom, Jussi Bjoerling, and Cesare Siepi. . . . Tuesday, Dec. 26, at 8:30: "La Traviata," with Dorothy Kirsten, Eugene Conley, and Giuseppe Valdengo. (A benefit for the Near East College Association.) . . . Wednesday, Dec. 27, at 8: "Fledermaus," with Ljuba Welitch, Patrice Munsel, Risë Stevens, and Set Svanholm. . . . Thursday, Dec. 28, at 8:15: "Il Trovatore," with Delia Rigal, Fedora Barbieri, Kurt Baum, and Leonard Warren. . . . Friday, Dec. 29, at 8: "Faust," with Nadine Conner, Margaret Roggero, Jussi Bjoerling, and Jerome Hines. . . . Saturday, Dec. 30, at 2: "Der Fliegende Holländer," with Ljuba Welitch, Hans Hotter, Set Svanholm, and Sven Nilsson. . . . Saturday, Dec. 30, at 8:15: "The Barber of Seville," with Lily Pons, Paolo Silveri, Giuseppe Di Stefano, and Cesare Siepi. (A non-subscription performance.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC SYMPHONY—At Carnegie Hall—George Szell conducting: Thursday, Dec. 21, at 8:45, and Friday, Dec. 22, at 2:30 (all-Beethoven programs, both with Erica Morini, violin); Saturday, Dec. 23, at 8:45 (no solo-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ist); Sunday, Dec. 24, at 2:45 (with Erica Morini, violin); Thursday, Dec. 28, at 8:45; and Friday, Dec. 29, at 2:30 (both with Rudolf Serkin, piano); and Saturday, Dec. 30, at 8:45 (with Erica Morini, violin).

LOUISVILLE ORCHESTRA—Robert Whitney conducting, with Virgil Thomson as guest conductor and Martha Graham as dance soloist. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 29, at 8:30.)

NEW FRIENDS OF MUSIC—Thomas Scherman conducting a group from the Little Orchestra Society, with vocal soloists. (Town Hall. Sunday, Dec. 24, at 5:30.)

INTERRACIAL FELLOWSHIP CHORUS—Harold Aks directing. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Friday, Dec. 22, at 8:30. For tickets, call WA 6-4287.)

MISCELLANY

THE WEAVERS—Folk singers. (Town Hall. Saturday, Dec. 23, at 8:40.)

JAZZ CONCERTS—John Kirby and his band, which includes Buster Bailey and Charlie Shavers, along with Juanita Hall, the Orioles, Wilbur de Paris and his New Orleans All-Stars, and others. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 22, at 8:30.) . . . An orchestra headed by Dizzy Gillespie and Ralph Burns, plus Ella Fitzgerald, Bud Powell's trio, and Lennie Tristano's sextet. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Dec. 25, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Dec. 22: Kid Gavilan vs. Joe Miceli, welterweights, 10 rounds. . . . Friday, Dec. 29: Walter Cartier vs. Eugene Hairston, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

COLLEGE BASKETBALL—At Madison Square Garden—Thursday, Dec. 21: C.C.N.Y. vs. Oklahoma, and L.I.U. vs. U.C.L.A. . . . Saturday, Dec. 23: St. John's vs. Kentucky, and N.Y.U. vs. Vanderbilt. . . . Monday, Dec. 25: L.I.U. vs. Idaho, and C.C.N.Y. vs. Brooklyn College. . . . Tuesday, Dec. 26: St. John's vs. Temple, and N.Y.U. vs. Stanford. . . . Thursday, Dec. 28: L.I.U. vs. Western Kentucky, and C.C.N.Y. vs. Arizona. . . . Saturday, Dec. 30: St. John's vs. San Francisco, and Manhattan College vs. San Jose State. (Games begin at 8.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Dec. 23: Knicks vs. Philadelphia. . . . Saturday, Dec. 30: Knicks vs. Boston. (Games begin at 3.)

HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Dec. 24: Rangers vs. Chicago. . . . Wednesday, Dec. 27: Rangers vs. Toronto. (Games begin at 8:30.)

INDOOR POLO—Two matches every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Matches begin at 8:30.)

FOR CHILDREN

PLAYS—By the NATIONAL YOUTH THEATRE: "Marco Polo." (Master Institute Theatre, Riverside Dr. at 103rd St. RI 9-9279. Saturday, Dec. 23, through Monday, Jan. 1, at 11 and 2:30.) . . .

JUNIOR PLAYHOUSE: "Jack and the Beanstalk." (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Sunday through Friday, Dec. 24-29, at 3; extra performance Wednesday, Dec. 27, at 11.) . . .

PLAY-MART: "A Christmas Carol." (Carl Fischer Concert Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Tuesday through Saturday, Dec. 26-30, at 1:30 and 3:15. For tickets, call TR 7-7591.) . . . **KITTEN-CAT COMPANY**: "The Cat That Hated Christmas." (Davenport Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. MU 5-2180. Tuesday through Saturday, Dec. 26-30, at 1:30 and 3:30, and Sunday, Dec. 31, at 2:30.) . . . **CHILDREN'S WORLD THEATRE**: "The Christmas Bears." (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. Tuesday through Saturday, Dec. 26-30, at 2:30. For tickets, call PE 6-5536.)

MUSICALS—By the JUNIOR THEATRE: "The Cobbler



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"Golden Shadows" - and an exquisite
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18th Century from the Lace Collection
(16th to 19th Century) owned by Eryan

of Fairyland." (Carnegie Recital Hall, CI 7-7460. Tuesday through Saturday, Dec. 26-30, at 2:15.) . . . **AMERICAN YOUNG PEOPLE'S THEATRE:** Musical-dance versions of "The Emperor's New Clothes," "Three Little Sailors," and other short pieces, with Tom Glazer as narrator and song leader. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougall St. GR 7-9894. Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 26-27, at 11:30 and 2:30; Thursday, Dec. 28, at 2:30; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 29-30, at 11:30 and 2:30; and Sunday, Dec. 31, at 2 and 4.)

MARIONETTES—By the **BARTON BROWN MARIONETTES:** "A Christmas Carol." (Church of the Heavenly Rest, 2 E. 90th St. AT 9-3400. Saturday, Dec. 23, at 11. . . . **Community Church,** 40 E. 35th St. MU 3-4780. Thursday, Dec. 28, at 3. For the benefit of the John Haynes Holmes House.) . . . **BERKELEY MARIONETTES:** "Master Skylark." (Church of the Heavenly Rest, 2 E. 90th St. AT 9-3400. Saturday, Dec. 30, at 11.)

MOVIES—Features and short subjects. Gramercy Theatre, Lexington Ave. at 23rd St., GR 5-1660; Saturdays at 10. . . . **Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre,** Madison Ave. at 85th St., BU 8-3180; Saturdays and Tuesday, Dec. 26, at 11.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—The annual supervised-art carnival for children of from four to eight, where the young fry can paint, make collages, play with mobile toys, create abstractions on a magnetized panel, or browse in a special gallery of modern paintings and sculptures. Fifty-minute sessions are held Mondays through Fridays, except Christmas Day, at 10, 11, 2, 3, and 4. For reservations, call CI 5-8000, Ext. 335.

OTHER EVENTS

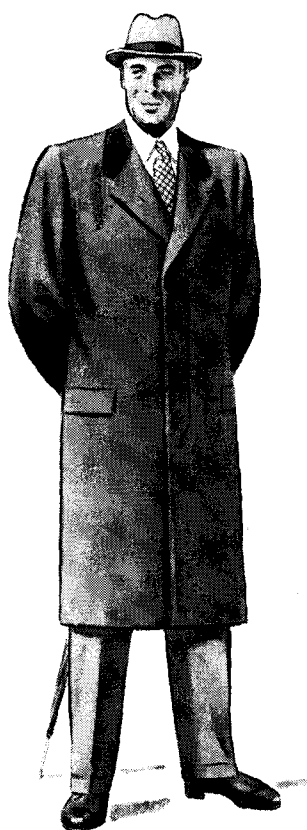
UNITED NATIONS—The General Assembly will probably be in session through Saturday, Dec. 30. Weekday plenary meetings are held at Flushing Meadow, where about nine hundred visitors are admitted to each meeting. When the full Assembly is not convened, its committees confer in rooms at Lake Success that accommodate up to a hundred onlookers each; also at Lake Success, visitors are admitted to open meetings of the Security Council, the Atomic Energy Commission, the Commission on Conventional Armaments, and various commissions of the Economic and Social Council. For tickets to any meeting, call Fieldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2253, after 8:30 A.M., the day before you want to go. Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the United Nations Station, at Flushing Meadow, and for Great Neck, where they connect with buses for Lake Success. Incidentally, questions about the United Nations can be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 220 W. 45th St., JU 2-0233.

TOYS OF OTHER DAYS—A dappled rocking horse, a dancing Jenny Lind, dolls, jumping jacks, horse-drawn fire engines and stagecoaches, and other playthings, dating back to the eighteenth century, most of them from the collection of Mrs. Katharine Prentiss Murphy. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; through April 30.)

MANUSCRIPTS AND LETTERS—A display of the literary handiwork of members of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, among them William Faulkner, Carl Sandburg, Robert Frost, Mark Twain, and Eugene O'Neill. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St. Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5; through Jan. 14.)

MEMENTOS OF THE NEW YORK THEATRE—Costumes worn by Ethel Barrymore, Minnie Maddern Fiske, Otis Skinner, and others; statuettes of George Arliss and Sarah Bernhardt; and posters, photographs, properties, and other items having to do with the theatre. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from 10 to 5; Sundays, except Dec. 24, from 1 to 5; through May 31.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM—The December show is called "Star of Bethlehem." (Central Park W. at 81st St. Special holiday schedule: Thursday and Friday, Dec. 21-22, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Saturdays at 11, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Sundays and Christmas Day at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; and Tuesday through Friday, Dec. 26-29, at 11, 2, 3, 4, and 8:30.)



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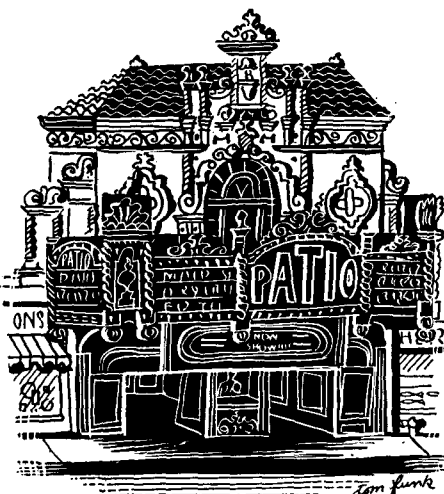
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST
ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION



ALL ABOUT EVE—An account of how a young lady with sharp claws gets to the top on Broadway. A witty, sometimes exciting film, written and directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, and distinguished by Bette Davis's capable performance as a middle-aged actress unsure of her lover, her career, and herself. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; and Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; through Dec. 23. . . . Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Dec. 23. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Dec. 24. . . . Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Dec. 24-26. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; Dec. 24-27.)

THE ASPHALT JUNGLE—John Huston's film about wicked doings in a Middle Western city. A powerful item featuring, among others, Louis Calhern, Sam Jaffe, Barry Kelley, and Sterling Hayden. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; tentatively through Dec. 26.)

BITTER RICE—Extravagantly lively ladies in the rice fields of the Po Valley. An Italian film, in which Silvana Mangano is outstanding as the most tempestuous of the harvesters. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

BORN YESTERDAY—Judy Holliday as a junkman's plaything who gets so smart in the hands of a tutor that she becomes an expert on democracy and kindred subjects, and says to hell with Daddy. A solid adaptation of the Garson Kanin comedy, expertly enacted by Miss Holliday, Broderick Crawford, and William Holden. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; starting Dec. 26.)

CYRANO DE BERGERAC—Rostand's old wheeze about the gallant fellow with the big nose, played to the foolish hilt by José Ferrer and a company of alleged Gascons and Parisians. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Special holiday schedule: Dec. 21-22 at 2:40 and 8:40; Dec. 23 at 2:40, 5:30, 8:40, and 11:30; Dec. 24 at 2:40, 5:30, and 8:40; Dec. 25-27 at 10:30, 2:40, 5:30, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

HARVEY—The Mary Coyle Chase play about the dipsomaniac and the six-foot-four rabbit faithfully and successfully translated to the screen. James Stewart plays the inebriate, and is abetted magnificently by Josephine Hull. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240.)

MISTER 880—Edmund Gwenn in a pleasant little sentimental film about an elderly counterfeiter who specializes, to no one's particular detriment, in one-dollar bills. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Dec. 26. . . . Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; Dec. 23-27. . . . Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Dec. 24-27.)

ORPHEUS—What might happen if a modern-dress Orpheus tried to follow the plot of the ancient legend, in the hope of rescuing his wife from a new-day Hell. A French film cooked up by Jean Cocteau, and full of original and often comic touches. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, CO 5-9438.)

THE RED SHOES—A lengthy British item having

to do with dancers. With Moira Shearer and Leonide Massine. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; through Dec. 25.)

SEVEN DAYS TO NOON—An English film that has as its central figure an atomic scientist who gets so fed up with his chores that he decides to blow up London if the British government doesn't stop making bombs. Not as suspenseful as it might have been had the scientist chosen a smaller target, but crowded with impressive evacuation scenes. Barry Jones plays the scientist, and has the support of Olive Sloane and Sheila Manahan. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

TRIO—Adaptations of some more Maugham stories. Not quite up to the previous group, which was called "Quartet," but handsomely enacted by a cast that includes Jean Simmons, James Hayter, and Nigel Patrick. A British picture. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

WAYS OF LOVE—Renoir, Pagnol, and Rossellini demonstrating their various cinematic skills in three fairly short films, two of them French and one Italian. Renoir takes up love between man and woman, Pagnol between man and Nature, and Rossellini between woman and God. Of the lot, Pagnol's is the most successful, but all are worth your scrutiny. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

REVIVALS

ADAM'S RIB (1949)—Fun in the law courts, with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, and

Judy Holliday. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Dec. 23.)

THE BLUE ANGEL (1930)—Marlene Dietrich as a cabaret singer and Emil Jannings as a schoolmaster. A German film. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1356.)

CHAPLIN COMEDIES (1917)—"The Immigrant," "The Adventurer," "The Cure," and "Easy Street." (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Dec. 23.)

CITY LIGHTS (1931)—The old, familiar Chaplin again, plus a blind flower girl and an alcoholic millionaire. (Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; Dec. 24-25.)

DEVIL IN THE FLESH (1949)—A French picture concerned with the trials and cruelties of adolescent love. With Gérard Philipe and Micheline Puelle. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; starting Dec. 27, tentative.)

FANTASIA (1940)—The Disney mixture of Bach, Beethoven, and Mickey Mouse. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Dec. 27.)

HORSEFEATHERS (1932)—The Marx Brothers in an academic setting. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-9350; through Dec. 22.)

MONKEY BUSINESS (1931)—The Marx Brothers again, on board a liner, at a racketeers' ball, in a barn—everywhere. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-9350; through Dec. 22.)

A NIGHT AT THE OPERA (1935)—Still more of the Marx Brothers again, this time mixed up with the musical world. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; tentatively through Dec. 26.)

NIGHT TRAIN (1940)—Carol Reed's thriller about spies, the Gestapo, and such. A British film, with Margaret Lockwood and Rex Harrison. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through Dec. 22.)

PINOCCHIO (1940)—A full-length Disney, with Figaro the Cat and Cleo the Goldfish, among others. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, LU 2-1796.)

SINCE YOU WENT AWAY (1944)—Tears and laughter on the home front during the last war. With Claudette Colbert, Joseph Cotten, and Shirley Temple. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Dec. 23.)

THE WIZARD OF OZ (1939)—Judy Garland as Dorothy, Bert Lahr as the Cowardly Lion, and Ray Bolger as the Scarecrow. (Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; Dec. 26.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Through Dec. 24: An excerpt from "The Golem" (1920); and "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" (1919), with Werner Krauss and Lil Dagover. . . . From Dec. 25: "King Kong" (1933), with Fay Wray and Bruce Cabot. (Showings are daily at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing. The Museum will be closed on Christmas Day.)

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST
APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED
IN THE SECTION ABOVE

From Dec. 25: "Manon" (in French), Cecile Aubry.

MAYFAIR, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Rio Grande," John Wayne, Maureen O'Hara.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Kim," Errol Flynn, Dean Stockwell, Paul Lukas.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"Mr. Music," Bing Crosby, Nancy Olson, Charles Coburn.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
Through Dec. 22: "Never a Dull Moment," Irene Dunne, Fred MacMurray.

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
HARVEY.

BIJOU, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
CYRANO DE BERGERAC.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
Through Dec. 24: "Watch the Birdie," Red Skelton, Arlene Dahl.
From Dec. 25: "Pagan Love Song," Esther Williams, Howard Keel.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
PINOCCHIO, revival; and "Make Mine Music!," revival, a full-length Walt Disney film.

GLOBE, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
Through Dec. 24: "California Passage," Forrest Tucker, Adele Mara.
From Dec. 25: "Vendetta," Faith Domergue.

LITTLE CINÉMET, 6th Ave. at 39th. (LO 4-1141)
Through Dec. 24: "Elisir d'Amore" (in Italian), revival, Tito Gobbi; and "Pagliacci" (in Italian), revival, Beniamino Gigli.

From Dec. 23: "The Mudlark," Irene Dunne, Alec Guinness, Andrew Ray.

ROXY, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"For Heaven's Sake," Clifton Webb, Edmund Gwenn, Joan Bennett.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
Through Dec. 22: "Operation X," Edward G. Robinson, Peggy Cummins, Richard Greene.

From Dec. 23: "The Flying Missile," Glenn Ford, Viveca Lindfors.

STRAND, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
Dec. 21: "Highway 301," Steve Cochran, Virginia Grey.
From Dec. 22: "The West Point Story," James Cagney, Virginia Mayo, Doris Day.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through Dec. 25: **THE RED SHOES.**
From Dec. 26: **BORN YESTERDAY.**

WORLD, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
BITTER RICE (in Italian).

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Dec. 23: **ALL ABOUT EVE**.
From Dec. 24: "Kind Hearts and Coronets," Alec Guinness, Valerie Hobson.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Dec. 23: **CHAPLIN COMEDIES**, revivals.
Dec. 24-27: **MISTER 880**.

EMBASSY CINEMA, 74 E. 42nd. (MU 7-8723)
(Mondays through Fridays, features are shown only after 5.)
Through Dec. 26: "Paris 1900," a pictorial anthology culled from various sources and dealing with Paris between 1900 and 1914.
From Dec. 27: "Hatter's Castle," revival. James Mason, Deborah Kerr.

BEVERLY, 3rd Ave. at 50th. (EL 5-8790)
Through Dec. 22: **NIGHT TRAIN**, revival.
From Dec. 23: **ALL ABOUT EVE**.

LEXINGTON, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through Dec. 23: "The Miniver Story," Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon; and "Right Cross," June Allyson, Dick Powell.
From Dec. 24: "To Please a Lady," Clark Gable, Barbara Stanwyck; and "The Happy Years," Dean Stockwell, Leo G. Carroll.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
SEVEN DAYS TO NOON.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
TRIO.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Dec. 22: "My Blue Heaven," Dan Dailey, Betty Grable; and "The Fireball," Mickey Rooney, Pat O'Brien.
From Dec. 23: "American Guerrilla in the Philippines," Tyrone Power, Micheline Puelle; and "Saddle Tramp," Joel McCrea, Wanda Hendrix.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through Dec. 22: "Union Station," William Holden, Lyle Bettger.
Dec. 23-27: **MISTER 880**.

PARK AVENUE, Park at 59th. (PL 9-7242)
"Stars in My Crown," Joel McCrea, Ellen Drew.

TRANS-LUX 60TH ST., Madison at 60th. (PL 5-2746)
Through Dec. 26: "Rapture," Glenn Langan.
From Dec. 27: "Macbeth," Orson Welles.

YORK, 1st Ave. at 64th. (RH 4-9350)
Through Dec. 22: **MONKEY BUSINESS**, revival; and **HORSEFEATHERS**, revival.
Dec. 23: "Angel and the Bad Man," revival, John Wayne, Gail Russell; and "This Side of the Law," revival, Viveca Lindfors, Kent Smith.
Dec. 24: "Wake of the Red Witch," revival, John Wayne, Gail Russell; and "Pardon My Sarong," revival, Abbott and Costello.
Dec. 25-26: "Three Secrets," Eleanor Parker, Patricia Neal; and "Rocky Mountain," Errol Flynn, Patrice Wymore.
From Dec. 27: "The Sleeping City," Richard Conte, Coleen Gray; and "The Desert Hawk," Yvonne De Carlo, Richard Greene.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Dec. 27 (tentative): "You Can't Fool an Irishman," Tommy Duggan, Shirl Conway; and two Irish short features.

LOEW'S 72ND ST., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through Dec. 23: "The Miniver Story," Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon; and "Right Cross," June Allyson, Dick Powell.
From Dec. 24: "To Please a Lady," Clark Gable, Barbara Stanwyck; and "The Happy Years," Dean Stockwell, Leo G. Carroll.

TRANS-LUX 72ND ST., 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Dec. 23: **ALL ABOUT EVE**.
From Dec. 24: "Kind Hearts and Coronets," Alec Guinness, Valerie Hobson.

TRANS-LUX COLONY, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-0468)
Through Dec. 23: **ALL ABOUT EVE**; and "Shakedown," Brian Donlevy, Howard Duff.
Dec. 24-25: "Father of the Bride," Spencer

NEIGHBORHOOD
HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				21	22	23
24	25	26	27			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST
APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED
ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

Tracy, Elizabeth Taylor; and "The Scarlet Claw," revival, Basil Rathbone, Nigel Bruce.
Dec. 26-27: "Three Secrets," Eleanor Parker, Patricia Neal; and "Rocky Mountain," Errol Flynn, Patrice Wymore.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Dec. 23: **SINCE YOU WENT AWAY**, revival.
Dec. 24-25: "The Sleeping City," Richard Conte, Coleen Gray.
Dec. 26-27: "Pink String and Sealing Wax," Mervyn Johns, Googie Withers.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Dec. 22: "My Blue Heaven," Dan Dailey, Betty Grable; and "The Fireball," Mickey Rooney, Pat O'Brien.
From Dec. 23: "American Guerrilla in the Philippines," Tyrone Power, Micheline Puelle; and "Saddle Tramp," Joel McCrea, Wanda Hendrix.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Dec. 23: "The Miniver Story," Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon; and "Right Cross," June Allyson, Dick Powell.
From Dec. 24: "To Please a Lady," Clark Gable, Barbara Stanwyck; and "The Happy Years," Dean Stockwell, Leo G. Carroll.

GRACIE SQUARE, 1st Ave. at 89th. (SA 2-2478)
Through Dec. 22: "The Sleeping City," Richard Conte, Coleen Gray; and "Stork Bites Man," revival, Jackie Cooper.
Dec. 23: "The Desert Hawk," Yvonne De Carlo, Richard Greene; and "Lucky Losers," the Bowery Boys.
Dec. 24-25: **CITY LIGHTS**, revival; and "Rocky Mountain," Errol Flynn, Patrice Wymore.
Dec. 26: **THE WIZARD OF OZ**, revival; and "The Cobra Strikes," revival, Sheila Ryan.
Dec. 27: "The Crusades," revival, Loretta Young; and "Boy from Indiana," revival, Lon McCallister.

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Dec. 21: "Copper Canyon," Ray Milland, Hedy Lamarr; and "Union Station," William Holden, Lyle Bettger.
Dec. 22-23: "The Sleeping City," Richard Conte, Coleen Gray; and "The Desert Hawk," Yvonne De Carlo, Richard Greene.
Dec. 24-26: **ALL ABOUT EVE**.
From Dec. 27: "Louisa," Spring Byington, Ronald Reagan, Edmund Gwenn; and "Undercover Girl," Alexis Smith, Scott Brady.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Dec. 26: **MISTER 880**.
From Dec. 27: **FANTASIA**, revival.

5TH AVE. PLAYHOUSE, 5th Ave. at 12th. (OR 5-0630)
Through Dec. 26, tentative: **THE ASPHALT JUNGLE**; and **A NIGHT AT THE OPERA**, revival.
From Dec. 27 (tentative): **DEVIL IN THE FLESH** (in French), revival; and "Gigi" (in French).

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Dec. 23: "The Miniver Story," Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon; and "Right Cross," June Allyson, Dick Powell.

From Dec. 24: "To Please a Lady," Clark Gable, Barbara Stanwyck; and "The Happy Years," Dean Stockwell, Leo G. Carroll.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Dec. 23: **ADAM'S RIB**, revival; and "Thunder in the City," revival, Edward G. Robinson.
From Dec. 24: **ALL ABOUT EVE**; and "Shakedown," Brian Donlevy, Howard Duff.

R.K.O. 23RD ST., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through Dec. 22: "My Blue Heaven," Dan Dailey, Betty Grable; and "The Fireball," Mickey Rooney, Pat O'Brien.
From Dec. 23: "American Guerrilla in the Philippines," Tyrone Power, Micheline Puelle; and "Saddle Tramp," Joel McCrea, Wanda Hendrix.

TERRACE, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
Through Dec. 23: "Copper Canyon," Ray Milland, Hedy Lamarr; and "Union Station," William Holden, Lyle Bettger.
Dec. 24-25: "Nightmare," revival, Diana Barrymore, Brian Donlevy; and "The Suspect," revival, Charles Laughton, Ella Raines.
From Dec. 26: "Louisa," Spring Byington, Ronald Reagan, Edmund Gwenn; and "Undercover Girl," Alexis Smith, Scott Brady.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (CO 5-9438)
ORPHEUS (in French).

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
THE BLUE ANGEL (in German), revival.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
WAYS OF LOVE (in French and Italian).

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Dec. 23: "The Miniver Story," Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon; and "Right Cross," June Allyson, Dick Powell.
From Dec. 24: "To Please a Lady," Clark Gable, Barbara Stanwyck; and "The Happy Years," Dean Stockwell, Leo G. Carroll.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Dec. 21: "The Raven" (in French), revival, Pierre Fresnay; and "A Lover's Return" (in French), revival, Louis Jouvet.
From Dec. 22: "Our Daily Bread" (in German); and "Distant Journey" (in Czech).

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (RI 9-9861)
Through Dec. 22: "My Blue Heaven," Dan Dailey, Betty Grable; and "The Fireball," Mickey Rooney, Pat O'Brien.
From Dec. 23: "American Guerrilla in the Philippines," Tyrone Power, Micheline Puelle; and "Saddle Tramp," Joel McCrea, Wanda Hendrix.

CARLTON, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-3862)
Through Dec. 23: "The Toast of New Orleans," Kathryn Grayson, Mario Lanza; and "Southside 1-1000," Don DeFore.
Dec. 24-27: **ALL ABOUT EVE**; and "Shakedown," Brian Donlevy, Howard Duff.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (AC 2-1019)
Through Dec. 23: "The Miniver Story," Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon; and "Right Cross," June Allyson, Dick Powell.
From Dec. 24: "To Please a Lady," Clark Gable, Barbara Stanwyck; and "The Happy Years," Dean Stockwell, Leo G. Carroll.

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (AC 2-9406)
Through Dec. 22: "My Blue Heaven," Dan Dailey, Betty Grable; and "The Fireball," Mickey Rooney, Pat O'Brien.
From Dec. 23: "American Guerrilla in the Philippines," Tyrone Power, Micheline Puelle; and "Saddle Tramp," Joel McCrea, Wanda Hendrix.

COLISEUM, B'way at 181st. (WA 7-7200)
Through Dec. 22: "My Blue Heaven," Dan Dailey, Betty Grable; and "The Fireball," Mickey Rooney, Pat O'Brien.
From Dec. 23: "American Guerrilla in the Philippines," Tyrone Power, Micheline Puelle; and "Saddle Tramp," Joel McCrea, Wanda Hendrix.





Beauty-
TO HAVE
and
TO HOLD

Germaine Monteil suggests these simple steps to loveliness:

CLEANSING CREAM and **SKIN FRESHENER** free your skin from daily grime; rouse it to living loveliness.

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WHILE Mr. Austin and Mr. Malik were debating the cease-fire proposal at Lake Success, we were being dragged through Macy's toy department by a couple of small boys who have never heard of the Yalu River and for whom there was nothing incongruous about spending that taut moment of history gravely examining a fire engine that really squirts water. The toy department was jammed, the din was frightful, and the solemn voices of despair were only remotely audible. Macy's is featuring a new kind of balloon this Christmas. You can poke it and pummel it and, presumably, kick it, and it won't break. The boys with us were delighted with its durability. We were impressed, too, but didn't have the notion, which they had, that it is completely indestructible, or that the world is.

Peace is getting harder and harder to define. It has become clear that the Communists, for all their talk of it, think of it as something warlike, and propose to achieve it, or their interpretation of it, in a bellicose manner. The dove still figures importantly in Left Wing symbolism, but the variety in evidence is a formidable example of what breeding can do, being capable of flying, scarcely without pause, across the high mountains of Tibet, down into the valleys around Pyongyang, and all the way to Lake Success, where it bellows instead of cooing. Peace can certainly no longer be defined as the absence of war, because there is no longer any coherent definition of war. The nations that haven't exchanged a shot since V-E and V-J Days are still technically at war with each other, and the nations that are shooting at each other at the moment of this writing are still technically at non-war. Pending a clarification of terminology, we shall wistfully define peace

as the state of mind of a child in Macy's toy department two weeks before Christmas.

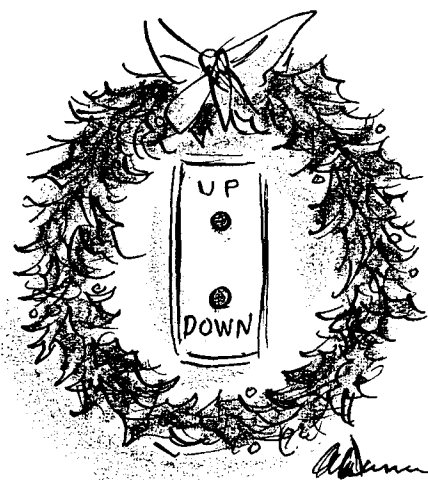
AFTER holding steady at a dollar for fourteen years, the price of J. K. Lasser's annual income-tax guide went up to a dollar and a half this year. The ads for the volume announce this disturbing fact, and announce that the guide advises taxpayers to allocate as much income as possible to 1950 and as many of their expenses as possible to 1951. Further, they are urged to buy the guide at once—to get this year's accounts forehandedly in order, we take it—and are assured that if they don't find the book satisfactory, they may ask for their money back any time before March 15, 1951. This procedure will work out fine for Mr. Lasser—he gets his proceeds from the book (income) in 1950 and forks out his refunds (expenses) in 1951—but it puts the purchaser of his book in exactly the opposite position: expenses in 1950, income in 1951. In the interests of consistency, Mr. Lasser ought to have established a special price—say the old one of a dollar—for taxpayers who bought his book with the under-

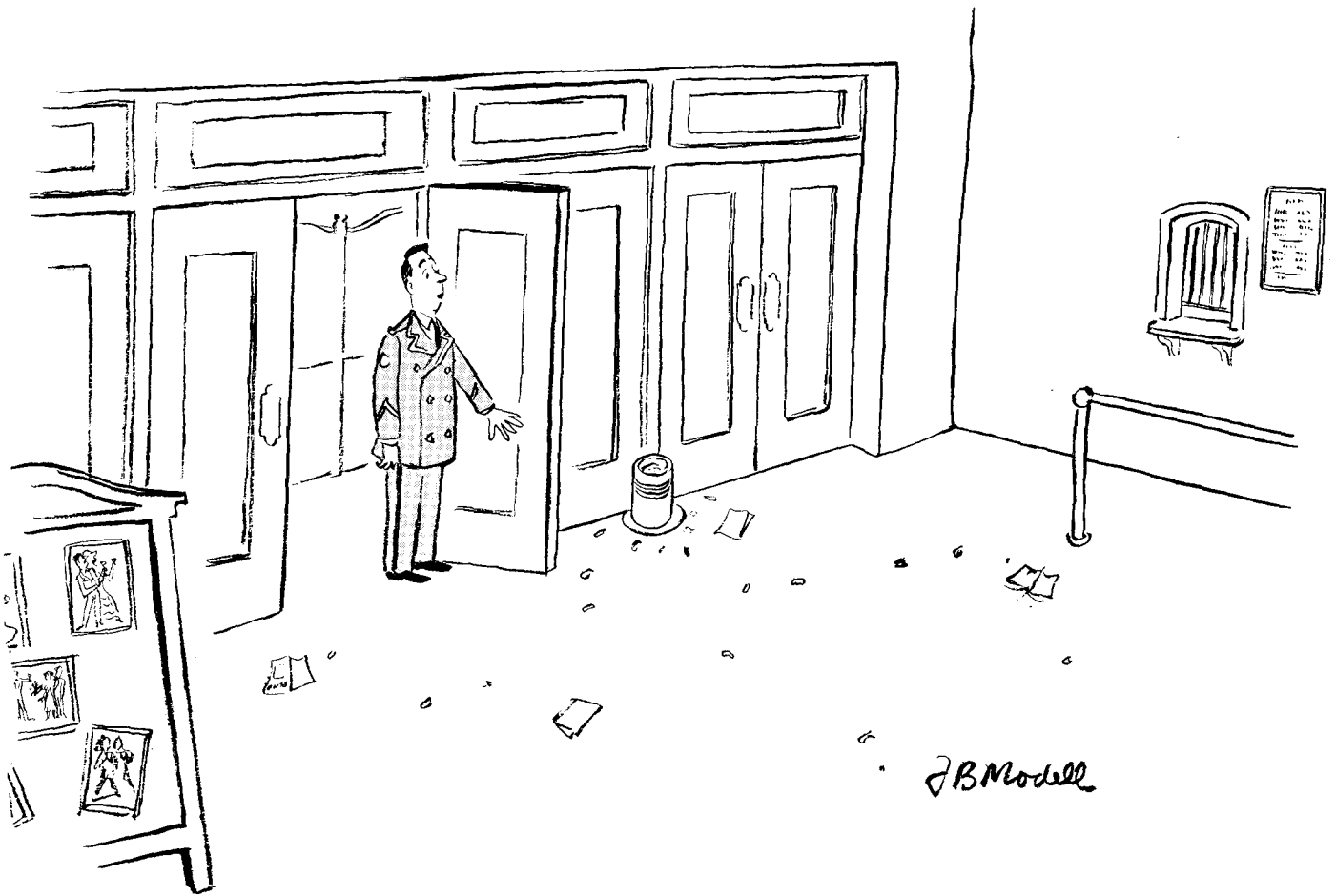
standing that they wouldn't ask for a refund.

MR. CLIFFORD L. McMILLEN, an insurance salesman who advertises in *The New Yorker*, observed in a recent issue that "everyone who buys life insurance immediately gets a satisfied feeling from knowing . . . that he is considered a good risk by a good life insurance company," and went on, "If you doubt the lift that goes with securing additional life insurance and the depression that goes with being rejected as a risk, ask anyone who has just experienced either." This is novel promotional copy, but as far as we're concerned, its author, after darn near making a sale, has turned around and lost it. A man would have to be bolder than we are, and feel considerably more rejection-proof, to hazard the depression Mr. McMillen threatens us with should we try to pick up some of his coverage and fail. You don't interest a man in joining a club by dwelling on the institution of the blackball, socially fascinating though it may be.

Zoomeroos

THE hottest novelty in the toy line this season is an article called the Zoomerang, which consists of a two-and-a-half-inch-wide strip of tough, resilient red, white, and blue paper attached to and wound around one end of a stick somewhat smaller than a pencil. Using the other end of the stick as a handle, you flick the wrist or flail the arm and whip the coil outward in an elongated spiral for a distance of up to eight feet. The paper then springs back into place (if all goes well and it doesn't get tangled up). Besides the stick version of the Zoomerang, which retails for twenty-nine cents and is a natural for the Christmas stocking, there's a more elaborate model, spon-





"Curtain going up for the second act! Curtain going—"

sored by Hopalong Cassidy, as are so many things these days; with this, the paper spiral is projected from the barrel of a big red plastic revolver. We've fooled around with the Zoomerang—stick model—here in the office (we attained a distance of six feet by standing on a chair and projecting the spiral downward, as if operating a yo-yo), and we've looked into the genesis of the thing. It's the product of Tigrett Enterprises, a Chicago concern owned by one John Burton Tigrett and a silent partner. Until recently, Tigrett was in the bus business in Chicago and ran his Enterprises as a sideline, but with the sensational coast-to-coast success of the Zoomerang he has got out of buses, and he hopes he'll never go back.

We learned all this, and more, when Tigrett came East to check on local sales. He's a well-set-up fellow in his thirties, with an accent as Southern as spoon bread, and he informed us that ever since leaving the University of Tennessee, in 1932, he's been taking flyers in novelties and gadgets of various

kinds, and that he currently owns or has under license sixty patents. His first big break, however, didn't come until a few years ago. "I went to a public stenographer in Washington to do some dictating," he said, telling us about this, "and as I was dictating, I kept hearing a clicking sound from behind the girl's filing cabinet. It was so distracting that I finally asked her what it was. 'It's my duck,' she said. 'My boy friend made it.' Right away, I sniffed a deal. I asked the girl to let me see her duck. She showed me a tumbler of water with a glass tube clipped to the edge of it. The tube kept dipping itself in the water, then raising itself, for no visible reason. I didn't stop to figure it out. I just grabbed a phone, called my patent lawyer, and told him to rush over." The girl explained to Tigrett that a fellow named Charles Cuppert, a friend of her boy friend, already had a patent on the gadget, and said over and over in the ensuing conversation, "Gee, I never knew Charlie was a genius." For eight hundred dollars, Ti-

grett bought the patent from Cuppert, who had been trying, without success, to peddle it. He enclosed the tube in the body of a toy duck that sat on the rim of a glass and kept dipping its beak into water. The dipping duck swept this country and Europe, and grossed fourteen million dollars before the fad went, as Tigrett gently puts it, to sleep. "It's still asleep," he said, "but we hope to wake it up again before long. Almost nobody who bought the ducks knew how they worked. The secret is that the tube contains a slug of methylene chloride, et cetera, et cetera. Water evaporating at one end of the tube makes that end cooler, et cetera. Gravity then tips the tube, et cetera, et cetera."

Tigrett came upon the Zoomerang by the same kind of lucky chance. A man sitting beside him on a plane happened to mention that a salesman in Rutherford, New Jersey, had invented a toy for his little girl out of adding-machine paper, and described it. On his next trip to New York, Tigrett got in touch with the salesman, Roger

Hamilton by name, and arranged for a license on a royalty basis. "Hamilton had already thought up the name," Tigrett said. "Zoomerang—it's inspired! In fact, the whole thing is inspired. Do you realize that the Zoomerang gun is the only toy that automatically reloads itself?" Tigrett Enterprises arranged to have the Zoomerang made out of laminated glassine paper with a plastic coating and placed orders with several manufacturers. Production got under way last April. As of December 1st, over three million stick-type Zoomerangs had been sold. The manufacture of Zoomerang guns began in August, and over seven hundred and fifty thousand of *them* have been sold so far. Another Zoomerang pistol is coming out in February. Hamilton's last royalty check was for ten thousand dollars, Tigrett told us.

WEEKLY count of illegal parking of automobiles on a couple of no-parking blocks:

Blocks inspected: Fifty-eighth Street from Fifth to Seventh Avenues.

Time of inspection: 11:40 A.M. to 12 noon, last Friday.

Number of cars illegally parked: 25.

Free Spenders

SOME members of the Russian delegation to the United Nations moved out of the old J. P. Morgan home in Glen Cove, Long Island, last week, and their departure, coupled with reports that most of them were bound for home after going on a buying spree, caused a certain amount of restiveness in the daily press, which seemed to sense a connection with the world crisis. We spent last Thursday morning in Glen Cove, talking to several shopkeepers in that trim and pleasant town, and found that there the move was taken as a matter of course and the rumor of heavy purchases was regarded as exaggerated. It was pointed out to us that the Russians had originally rented the Morgan house only until September 15, 1950, and since that date had been staying on under an extension that ran until December 15th, by which time it was expected that the General Assembly would have adjourned. What furnishings the Russians had in the Morgan house were moved by van to the former Pratt house, which is also in Glen Cove and which the Russians own. Presumably, the Morgan-house Russians moved in there. If not, they

may have moved to a third house that Russians occupy in Glen Cove. As for the buying spree, the shopkeepers say that the Russians haven't been buying any more lately than most Americans buy this time of year. We took the opportunity to learn something of their buying habits.

We spoke first to Fred Chidester, the proprietor of a drugstore. He told us that one of the few things he's found out about the Russians is that Malik likes orange juice. "Came in here one night with his wife to pick up some cough medicine that had been prescribed for him," Chidester said. "After I'd made up the medicine, he started pointing to the fountain and saying 'Juice. Juice.' I didn't get it at first—funny, he doesn't speak as good English as you think he's going to. Finally, it dawned on me, and I poured them both some orange juice. Malik drank two big glasses of it." Chidester said that the Russians have been steady customers but that they haven't noticeably been stocking up on anything. "When the U.N. session ended about this time last year," he said, "they all came in and bought forty or fifty lipsticks apiece, to take home to Russia. The heaviest buying they've done lately is a little penicillin to take back to doctor friends. They're free spenders, but that may be because they don't understand what they're spending. A Russian came in the other day, made a four-dollar purchase, and peeled off three ten-dollar bills to pay for it."

Our next stop was Singer's, a shop specializing in women's and children's wear. The proprietor, Benjamin Singer, assured us that the Russians had by no means cleaned out his stock. "They've been buying the usual dresses, the usual gift things," he said. "I don't like their politics, but as customers you couldn't ask for better. They want the best and they want it to fit. You can't sell them a thirty-eight when they want a thirty-six." Next door to Singer's is the remnant-goods shop of M. C. Liebesmann, who told us that he knows Russian and has often acted as an interpreter for Russian women shoppers at other stores. "None of them ever buy more than just enough cloth to make a dress or two at a time," he said, and shrugged. In the hardware store across the street, an elderly salesman said to us, "If the Russians would only act as well in the U.N. as they do when they come in here for a cake tin, the world would be a good deal better off." At the Miles

Shoe Store, we were told that the Russians have a passion for crêpe-soled shoes and have bought out the stock of them several times in the past year. Mrs. Malik, a good customer, wears size 7-C. The store also used to sell shoes to Mrs. Gromyko, whom the sales staff regarded as a lady who knew the value of a dollar.

The Russians' favorite store in Glen Cove is Grant's, possibly because it is self-service and spares them the ordeal of speaking a lot of English. What the Russians principally go for in Grant's is underwear. Rocky Familetti, who runs a news-and-stationery store in Glen Cove, sells the Russians an average of ninety English-language newspapers a day and ten copies of the *Russky Golos*, an American Russian-language paper. A couple of the Russians placed standing orders for the *Daily Worker* when they first moved in, but they stopped reading it and Familetti doesn't handle it at all now. Members of the Russian colony sometimes drop in at O'Rourke's Bar, in the center of town. Usually, they come in the morning, toss off a double shot of rye, then leave. One evening not long ago, a couple of Russians astounded the bartender by hanging around for two hours and killing off a fifth of Four Roses, chased with five bottles of Budweiser. They left under their own power, but a man who came in a few minutes later reported that he

had seen them some yards up the street, leaning against a wall and breathing hard. The Russians have given the Glen Cove Police Department no trouble, save for driving too fast. Timothy O'Neill, a motorcycle cop, has pinched

fifteen Russians for speeding and is considered the Department's ranking expert on Soviet affairs.



INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: On the N.B.C. network, it is forbidden to call any character a nut; you have to call him a screwball.

Trench's Neptune Inn, Atlantic City, is distributing to its patrons a color postcard of its dining room bearing the notation "The Neptune Inn was the first bank building in the United States to be converted into a Restaurant and Cocktail Lounge."

Specialist

MR. ALLEN EVARTS FOSTER, a Yale graduate of the class of 1906 and a partner in the law firm of Lord, Day



& Lord, is probably the only man in the world who collects prints portraying the Flight into Egypt of Joseph, Mary, and the infant Jesus. He owns more than a hundred such Flights, ranging from the work of Schongauer, a fifteenth-century engraver, to contemporary examples. His adoption of this specialty dates from the early nineteen-twenties, when, rummaging around Keppel's for an etching to give as a wedding present, he noted an extraordinary number of Flights into Egypt among the prints he was examining. "The Flight has long been a favorite subject of printmakers," he told us in a talk we had with him the other day. "Rembrandt, who seldom repeated a theme, used it for six or seven of his etchings. Both Claude Lorrain and Goya, who made twenty-seven and two hundred and eighty-nine prints, respectively, chose a Biblical subject only once—the Flight. In both instances, it was the artist's first print. I doubt whether any other event in mythology, history, or religious literature has inspired more works of graphic art." Mr. Foster confines himself to true Flights, in which the Holy Family is actually under way, and to Rests on the Flight. His most cherished acquisition, a Rest by Sir Charles Holroyd, shows Joseph kindling a fire under a kettle. "Sir Charles, a practical Englishman, doubtless figured that a cup of tea would be welcome after a long walk in the desert," said Mr. Foster.

"One early print shows Joseph frying what appears to be an egg." Mr. Foster does not bother with Reposes, which show the triumvirate after it reached Egypt, or with Returns, of which a few examples exist.

Mr. Foster, a tall, gentle-spoken bachelor who lives at the University Club, was born in New Haven, the son of a doctor, in a house now occupied by the Yale University Department of Health. He considers it remarkable that the Flight has had such a tremendous artistic vogue, since the Bible doesn't really describe it. A chapter of the Gospel According to Saint Matthew quotes the Angel of the Lord as saying to Joseph in a dream, "Arise, and take the young child and his mother, and flee into Egypt, and be thou there until I bring thee word: for Herod will seek the young child to destroy him," and then goes on, "When he arose, he took the young child and his mother by night, and departed into Egypt." Nothing more; nothing about tea, fried eggs, or the ass that appears in many Flight prints. "The Apocryphal Gospels mention a palm tree bending down so that Joseph and Mary can gather its fruit," Mr. Foster said. "Many prints show this happening. One of my Rests—a seventeenth-century one I got on Third Avenue—depicts Joseph poring over a folio. This is the first evidence to come to my notice that the Holy Family took any books along with

them, or that Joseph could read. I'm not sure that it's legal evidence." He smiled a Lord, Day & Lord smile, and advised us that his firm, which was founded in 1818, is one of the few old legal firms that have not changed their names with changes in partnerships. As a lawyer, he specializes in wills, estates, and trusts. His room at the University Club isn't big enough to provide for the display of more than a couple of his prints at a time—besides Flights, he collects nineteenth-century prints in general—so he rotates them in frames with removable backs, drawing upon a reservoir stowed away in bureau drawers and in portfolios on the floor. His earliest American Flight is an Amos Doolittle, circa 1792. His cheapest is a Robert Campbell, circa 1825. He cut this out of a coverless Bible he bought for ten cents at a Fifty-ninth Street second-hand bookstore, having found it in a sidewalk bin. He then returned the Bible, which contained a second illustration, one of the Last Supper, to the bookseller, who tossed it back into the bin, expressing a hope that a collector of Last Suppers would come along.

As we were leaving, Mr. Foster told us that he's getting bored with his preoccupation. "Some of the prints are really very bad," he said, "and my friends deluge me with hundreds of cards of Flights every Christmas. But I hope to go to Egypt someday, and to Bethlehem, where the Flight started.

I'm just waiting for things to get more settled."

Coöperative

THE wife of an American foreign-service man attached to our embassy in a South American capital received a telephone call from the wife of an official of the local government, who invited her and her husband to a white-tie dinner. The caller suggested that the embassy man wear his medals. The embassy man's wife said that the only decorations he had were some he had received in the Navy during the last war, and that he was permitted to wear them only when in uniform. Oh, in that case, never mind, said the hostess. Well, the display of decorations by the male guests at the dinner was splendid, and the embassy lady happened to sit next to the man with the biggest medal of them all. He was an American oilman, and his breast was ornamented with a three-inch bronze disc emblazoned "Broad Jump."

Hypnotic Rx

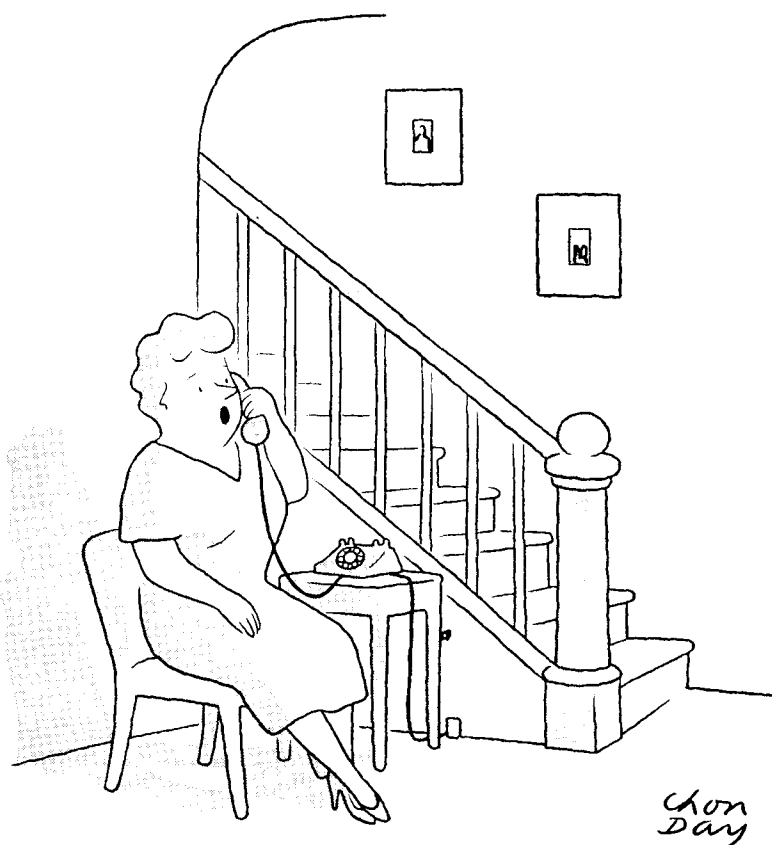
GRAND CENTRAL PALACE housed the National Dog and Pet Exposition last week, and was a noisy spot, full of ululation and chirping, pets, pets' accessories, and pet fanciers, including us. After wandering about the place for an hour one evening, admiring some Saint Bernards the size of ponies, a Brussels griffon, an Old English sheep dog, Norman Thomas's monkeys, and various hamsters, chinchillas, goats, mynas, Manx cats, canaries, and other domestic animals and birds, we found ourself in the midst of a wide-eyed group of people on the mezzanine who were standing in front of a string of fish tanks, in which tropical fish of various types were gliding about. A handsome lady with red hair was explaining to the crowd, some of whom wore exhibitors' blue badges, that doctors recommend tropical fish for nervous patients. "It's a hypnotic Rx," she

said, pointing to a school of guppies. "It's been shown that nervous people like to live near the water—a placating influence. These little fellows radiate affection." A young man next to her, wearing a badge with "Irving Straus" imprinted on it, observed that more people bought fish for pets this year than ever before. A man with black hair and sturdy black eyebrows pointed to something at the bottom of one of the tanks and asked what it was. Straus told him it was a sea anemone. "It's a protozoan," the man said. "It's a big protozoan." He walked away. "That man is a cat exhibitor," the red-haired lady said. "It's been my experience poodle people act like poodles, and you can say the same thing for cat people."

Upon our inquiry, the lady, who had made several remarks that sounded authoritative, identified herself as Miss Beth Tarshis, the daughter of Arthur Tarshis, president of the organization that put on the Pet Exposition. "We have seventy-two breeds of dogs and two hundred and thirty kinds of tropical fish," she told us. "Gimbel's was to have ants here, but I haven't seen any ants. Have you seen any ants, Irving?" Straus shook his head. "Irving is president of the Westchester Aquarium," Miss Tarshis added. "They supplied most of the fish." "We've got kissing fish that kiss, but nobody knows why, and leaf

fish that look just like a leaf," Straus said. "The most popular fish in the exhibit is the electric eel," he continued. "He builds up to a charge of five hundred volts. We've lit a fifty-watt Mazda with him. If he gets you when he's fully charged, it's curtains. He wouldn't kill you; he'd stun you, and you'd drown. You have to handle him with rubber gloves." The man Miss Tarshis had identified as a cat exhibitor reappeared. "How come some of your sea horses are bent over and some are straight out?" he demanded of Straus. "Because they're not sea horses if they're straight out," Straus replied coolly. "They're pipefish."

One tank contained a single, surly-looking gray fish, who swam around slowly. His placard described him merely as a man-eating fish. Straus explained that he was a piranha but hadn't been so labelled, on the theory that visitors couldn't pronounce the word. "That's a very vicious fish," Miss Tarshis said, frowning. "We had him in our office just before the exposition, and Dad stuck a pencil in the tank. Well, that fish got flaming red from tip to tail and sank four rows of teeth into the pencil. Nicked it all up." A white-haired man came along and informed Miss Tarshis that an exhibitor of goats who was spending his nights in the Palace had been kept awake all night by the dogs. The white-haired man was Captain William Young, the author of a book entitled "Shark! Shark!" He had an exhibit of shark's teeth at the show, and he pulled a big black tooth out of a pocket. It was as big as his hand. "It was found forty-five feet down, in North Carolina," he told us, "and it's three hundred million years old. Six men could have got in that shark's mouth. His teeth are all a shark leaves to posterity."



"I'll have to hang up now, Ethel—I'm getting hoarse."

REMARK made on a White Plains local the other evening by a matinée-sodden lady to her companion: "I never let what my husband says bother me. It goes right in one ear and out the next."

CLOUDLAND REVISITED

ROCK~A~BYE, VISCOUNT, IN THE TREETOP

A COUPLE of months back, the firm of Bramhall & Rixey, Ltd., a shipping concern on lower Broadway operating a string of freighters to West African ports, received an unusual communication. It was inscribed in pencil on both sides of a sheet of lined yellow paper of the sort commonly employed in secondary schools, and its numerous erasures and interlineations attested to the care that had gone into its composition. The correspondent identified himself as a prominent New York sportsman and big-game hunter who was contemplating a safari into the heart of the Dark Continent (Africa, he explained in a helpful aside). Without going into wearisome detail, he was in a position to assure Bramhall & Rixey that the expedition would eclipse anything of the kind on record. Not only was he planning to bring back a number of gorillas, man-eating lions, and comparably gaudy fauna but, if time allowed, he proposed to search out King Solomon's mines and corroborate the existence of a mysterious white goddess ruling a vast empire of blacks in the Cameroons. Obviously, any widewake shipping company could appreciate what enormous publicity must accrue to it if chosen to transport such an enterprise. Should Bramhall & Rixey agree to carry the party—without charge, of course—the sportsman thought he might prevail on his associates to assent, though he warned that they rather favored a rival fleet. Stressing the need for an immediate decision, due to the impending monsoon rains (whether in Manhattan or Africa he did not specify), the writer enclosed a self-addressed postal for a speedy reply.

My first reaction when I came across a postal in my morning mail several days ago with the terse admonition "Wipe your nose, bub," signed by Bramhall & Rixey, was one of spontaneous irritation. I caught up the phone, forgetting for the moment that my fourteen-year-old son had been enthralled this past summer by a book called "Tarzan of the Apes" and that he had been treating the family to a sustained panegyric on Africa. "I'll teach you whose nose to wipe!" I shouted into it. "I've half a mind to come down and cane you people publicly in Beaver Street!" Fortunately, they were spared the humiliation, as, in my wrath, I forgot to dial their number, and by the time I tumbled to the probable culprit and documented his guilt, I was able to take a much more

lenient view of the incident. The fact of the matter is that back in 1918, the year I myself first encountered Edgar Rice Burroughs' electrifying fable, it exercised a similarly hypnotic effect on me. Insofar as the topography of Rhode Island and my physique permitted, I modelled myself so closely on Tarzan that I drove the community to the brink of collapse. I flung spears at the neighbors' laundry, exacerbated their watchdogs, swung around their piazzas gibbering and thumping my chest, made reply only in half-human grunts interspersed with unearthly howls, and took great pains generally to qualify as a stench in the civic nostril. The hallucination passed as abruptly as it had set in; one morning I awoke with an overwhelming ennui for everything related to Africa, weak but lucid. My kinsfolk were distrustful for a while, but as soon as they saw me constructing a catamaran in which to explore the Everglades, they knew I was rational again.

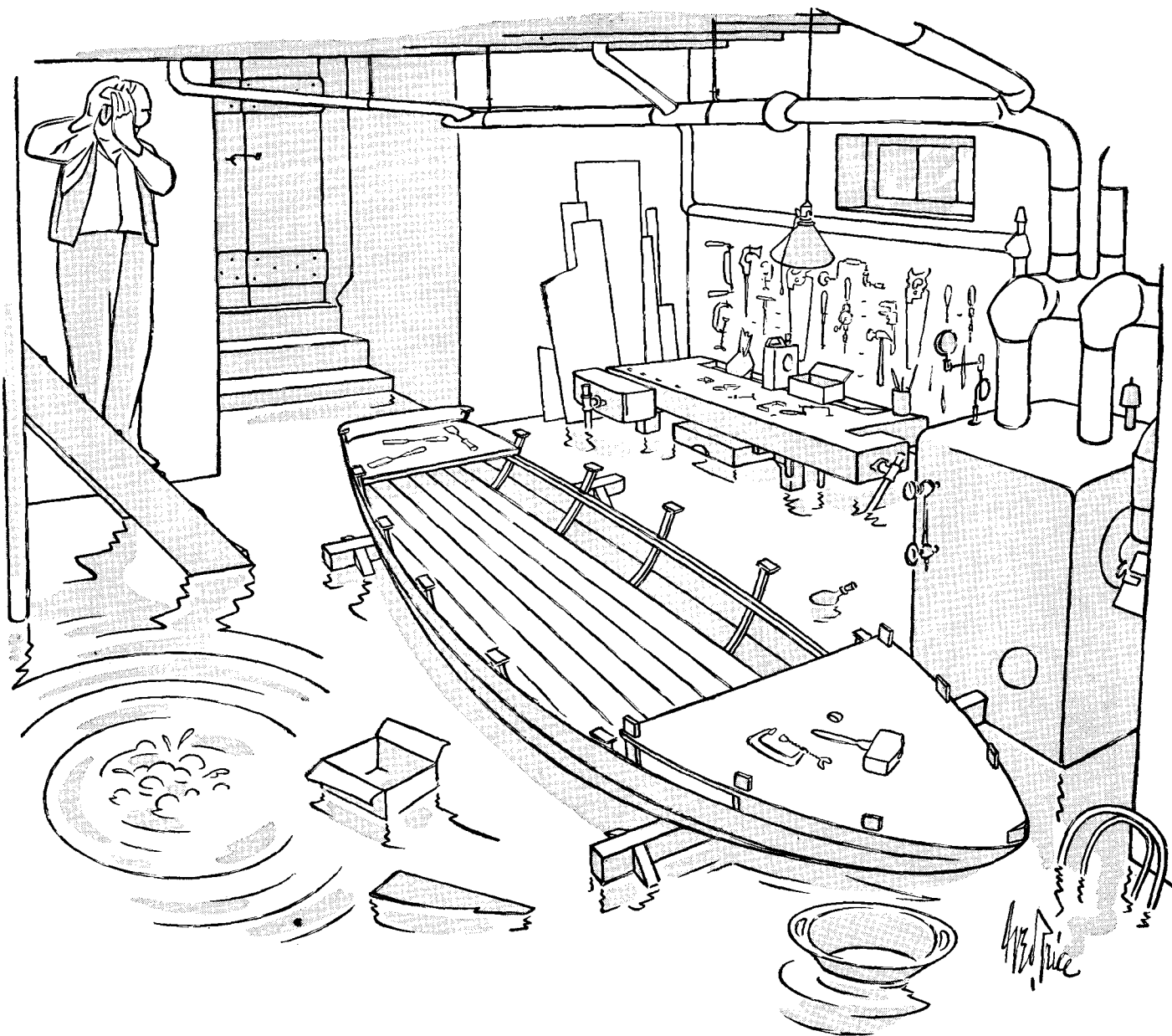
CURIOUS as to why Tarzan had enraptured two generations and begotten so many sequels, movie serials, and comics, I commandeered my son's copy of the novel and my wife's chaise longue and staged a reunion. Like most sentimental excursions into the past, it was faintly tinged with disillusion. Across the decades, Burroughs' erstwhile jaunty narrative had developed countless crow's-feet and wrinkles; passages that I remembered outracing Barney Oldfield now seemed to puff and wheeze like a donkey engine. The comparison was aided by a donkey engine puffing directly outside my window, and frequently, in all honesty, its rhythmic snoring was amplified by my own. Nevertheless, I got the gist of the

story, and for gist-lovers who prefer to sniff the candy at long range, that little may suffice.

Strictly speaking, the saga begins in the African forest with the adoption by a female anthropoid ape of an English baby of lofty lineage, but to render this association feasible, if not palatable, some valiant exposition is required. Lord and Lady Greystoke, outward bound on the barkentine *Fuwalda* from Freetown in the summer of 1888, are en route "to make a peculiarly delicate investigation of conditions" in a British West Coast colony when mutiny breaks out among the crew. Considering that the captain and his mates are forever emptying revolvers into the men and felling them with belaying pins, Burroughs' appraisal of the situation is dazzlingly understated: "There was in the whole atmosphere of the craft that undefinable something which presages disaster." The lid ultimately blows off, and a lamentable scene ensues: "Both sides were cursing and swearing in a frightful manner, which, together with the reports of the firearms and the screams and groans of the wounded, turned the deck of the *Fuwalda* to the likeness of a madhouse." Lord Greystoke, however, behaves with the sang-froid one expects of a British peer; through it all, he "stood leaning carelessly beside the companionway puffing meditatively upon his pipe as though he had been but watching an indifferent cricket match." After the mutineers have disposed of authority, the fate of the couple trembles briefly in the balance. Then Black Michael, the ringleader, intercedes for them and persuades his colleagues to maroon the Greystokes in a secluded spot. The speech transmitting this decision somehow recalls the rhetoric of Gilbert and Sullivan's magnanimous scalawags. "You may be all right," he explains kindly, "but it would be a hard matter to land you in civilization without a lot o' questions being asked, and none o' us here has any very convincin' answers up our sleeves."

To skim over the rest of the prologue, the blue bloods survive the immediate rigors of life in the bush; Greystoke, exhibiting a virtuosity rarely met with in castaways and almost never in the House of Lords, builds a stuccoed log cabin furnished with cozy appurtenances like bamboo curtains and bookcases, and his wife, materially aiding the story line, presents him with a male child. But all unbeknownst to the patrician pair, their hourglass is already running out. Her Ladyship, badly frightened by a marauding ape, expires





"Mildred! Call the plumber—quick! And bring down a bottle of champagne."

on the boy's first birthday, and as her husband sits stricken at the deathbed, a band of apes bent on stealing his rifle invade the cabin and kill him. Among them is Kala, a female whose own babe has just been destroyed by the king of the tribe. Obeying what Burroughs reverently terms "the call of universal motherhood within her wild breast," and the even greater urgency for a gimmick to set the narrative rolling, she snatches up the English tot, deposits her lifeless one in its cradle, and streaks into the greenery. The blueprint is now technically complete, but the author, ever a man to pile Pelion upon Ossa, contrives an extra, masterly touch. Since the cabin contains the schoolbooks from which the lad will learn to read eventually, as well as his father's

diary—capriciously written in French—proving his identity, it must be preserved intact. The king ape, therefore, accidentally discharges Greystoke's gun and, fleeing in terror, slams the door shut. Burroughs may fizzle his prose on occasion, but when it comes to mortising a plot, he is Foxy Grandpa himself.

It would serve no useful purpose to retrace the arduous youthhood and adolescence of Tarzan (whose name, incidentally, means "White-Skin," there being no equivalent for Greystoke in ape language), his sanguinary triumphs over a long roster of enemies like leopards, pythons, and boars, and his easy emergence as undisputed boss of the jungle. Superior heredity, of course, gives "the aristocratic scion of an old English

house" a vast edge over his primitive associates. Thanks to the invaluable schoolbooks in the cabin, he instinctively learns to read and write—not without hardship, for, says Burroughs, "of the meaning and use of the articles and conjunctions, verbs and adverbs and pronouns, he had but the faintest and haziest conception." But he perseveres, and along with literacy come further civilized attributes. He bathes assiduously, covers his nakedness with pelts, and, out of some dim recess of his consciousness, produces a really definitive method of distinguishing himself from brute creation: "Almost daily, he whetted his keen knife and scraped and whittled at his young beard to eradicate this degrading emblem of apehood. And so he learned to shave—rudely and painfully,



it is true—but, nevertheless, effectively.” No reasonably astute reader needs to be told twice that when the hero of a popular novel, whether he is Willie Baxter or an ape man, starts shaving, a pair of mischievous blue eyes are right around the corner. However astute, though, no reader could possibly anticipate a simp of the proportions of Jane Porter, or the quartet of frowzy vaudeville stereotypes that now bumbles into the picture.

The newcomers, it appears, are a party of treasure-seekers hailing from Baltimore, headed by an absent-minded pedagogue called Professor Archimedes Q. Porter, complete with frock coat and shiny plug hat. In his retinue are Samuel T. Philander, an elderly fusspot secretary straight from the pages of *Puck*; Esmeralda, a corpulent Negro maid aquiver with fear and malapropisms; his daughter Jane, whose beauty ravishes the senses; and, finally, Charley-horsing the long arm of coincidence, Tarzan’s own cousin and the incumbent Lord Greystoke, William Cecil Clayton. They, too, have just been embroiled in a ship’s mutiny—Burroughs’ favorite literary calamity, evidently—and are now marooned in Tarzan’s very parish. Using these piquant ingredients for all they are worth, the author hereupon proceeds to stir up the most delirious chowder of larceny, homicide, aboriginal passion, and haphazard skulduggery ever assembled outside the Newgate calendar. In all this, Tarzan plays the role of the Admirable Crichton, snatching each of the characters, in turn, from the jaws of death and, inevitably, turning Jane Porter’s head.

The section in which she betrays her partiality for him is a sockdolager. Tarzan is putting the kayo on Terkoz, a bull ape who has abducted Jane: “As the great muscles of the man’s back and shoulders knotted beneath the tension of his efforts, and the huge biceps and forearm held at bay those mighty tusks, the veil of centuries of civilization and culture was swept from the blurred vision of the Baltimore girl. When the long knife drank deep a dozen times of Terkoz’ heart’s blood, and the great carcass rolled lifeless upon the ground, it was a primeval woman who sprang forward with outstretched arms toward the primeval man who had fought for her and won her. And Tarzan? He did what no red-blooded man needs lessons in doing. He took his woman in his arms and smothered her upturned, panting lips with kisses. For a moment Jane Porter lay there with half-closed eyes. . . . But as suddenly as the veil had been withdrawn it dropped again, and an outraged conscience suffused her face with its scarlet mantle, and a mortified woman thrust Tarzan of the Apes from her and buried her face in her hands. . . . She turned upon him like a tigress, striking his great breast with her tiny hands. Tarzan could not understand it.” If Tarzan, who was so intimately involved, was baffled, you can imagine my own bewilderment, especially with a donkey engine puffing in my ear. Had the yarn not been so compelling and the chaise longue so comfortable, I would have abandoned both, bearded the Baltimore Chamber of Commerce, and given them my opinion of such a heartless flirt.

While one properly expects major characters as vital as Tarzan and Jane to dominate the canvas, it would be grossly unfair to ignore the figures in the background. Professor Archimedes Q. Porter and his secretary carry the burden of the comic relief, and their sidesplitting misadventures evoke chuckles galore. Herewith, for example, is the Professor’s tart rejoinder when Philander nervously informs him they are being stalked by a lion: “‘Tut, tut, Mr. Philander,’ he chided. ‘How often must I ask you to seek that absolute concentration of your mental faculties which alone may permit you to bring to bear the highest powers of intellectuality upon the momentous problems which naturally fall to the lot of great minds? And now I find you guilty of a most flagrant breach of courtesy in interrupting my learned discourse to call attention to a mere quadruped of the genus *Felis*. . . . Never, Mr. Philander, never before have I known one of these animals to be permitted to roam at large from its cage. I shall most certainly report this outrageous breach of ethics to the directors of the adjacent zoological garden.’” Can you tie that? The poor boob’s so absent-minded he doesn’t even realize he’s in *Africa*. An equally rich humorous conceit is Esmeralda, the maid, who is constantly “disgranulated” by all the “gorilephants” and “hipponoceroses” about her. I doubt if Amos ’n’ Andy at their most inventive have ever surpassed her attempt to soothe Jane at a moment of crisis: “Yas’m, honey, now you-all go right to sleep. Yo’ nerves am all on aidge. What wif all dese ripotamuses and man eaten



geniuses dat Marse Philander been a-tellin' about—laws, it ain't no wonder we all get nervous prosecution."

Indeed it ain't, and while the subject of nerves is on the tapis, I suspect that at this point in the action Burroughs himself became a trifle discombobulated. With two-thirds of the piece behind him, he still had to unravel Tarzan's complex genealogy, resolve the love story, account for the Professor's treasure (lost and found half a dozen times throughout), and return his puppets intact to everyday life. Accordingly, he introduces a French cruiser to rescue the Baltimoreans and Clayton, and, once they are safely over the horizon, begins untangling the labyrinthine threads that remain. An officer of the vessel, one D'Arnot, has fallen into the clutches of some local cannibals; Tarzan saves the captive and, in return, is taught French, an accomplishment that enables him to translate his father's diary and legally prove himself the real Lord Greystoke. Armed with the proofs, he hurries to America to claim his mate, but Burroughs is just ahead of him, piling up barriers faster than Tarzan can surmount them. Before he can clasp Jane in his arms, he is compelled to rescue her from a Wisconsin forest fire and eliminate her current fiancé, a Scrooge who financed her father's expedition. The minor matter of the treasure is washed up with a check for two hundred and forty-one thousand dollars, which, the ape man fluently explains to Professor Porter, is its market value. And then, as the lovers' last obstacle vanishes, the author, consummate magician that he is, yanks a final bunny from his hat. Jane

jilts Tarzan for his cousin, William Cecil Clayton, and Tarzan, placing her happiness above all, deliberately conceals his true identity. There may be scenes of self-renunciation in Tolstoy that lacerate the heart, but none, I contend, as devastatingly bittersweet as the closing one between the two Greystoke cousins: "I say, old man," cried Clayton. "I haven't had a chance to thank you for all you've done for us. It seems as though you had your hands full saving our lives in Africa and here. . . . We must get better acquainted. . . . If it's any of my business, how the devil did you ever get into that bally jungle?" "I was born there," said Tarzan quietly. "My mother was an Ape, and of course, she couldn't tell me much about it. I never knew who my father was."

ORDINARILY, my fleeting sojourn in such an equatorial mishmash might have had no worse consequences than eyestrain and a pro-

nounced revulsion from all noble savages thereafter. As luck would have it, though, the Venetian blind above me slipped its moorings as I finished the romance, and, doubtless overstimulated by Tarzan's gymnastics, I climbed up to restore it. Halfway through the process, the cornice gave way and I was left hanging by my fingernails from the picture molding that encircles the room. At this juncture, a certain fourteen-year-old busybody, who has no better means of employing his time than sending postals to shipowners, came snooping into the room. His pitiless gaze travelled slowly from my pendent form to his copy of "Tarzan of the Apes." "Watch out, Buster, you'll strain your milk!" he cautioned. "Better leave that stuff to Weissmuller." Yes, sir, it's pretty disheartening. You lie on your back all day worrying about the junk your children read, you hang from moldings, and that's the thanks you get. It's regusting. —S. J. PERELMAN

HEAD COUPLES

We come together once more, we four, in the center,
Bow and turn single, searching each other's eyes
With brief glances, reading answers to questions unuttered,
Sharing our secret, declaring our silent surprise.
Right and left through, we swing to opposite places
And watch with formal faces while others repeat
Our movements, as though their wills and not the music
Imposed the pattern we had exposed for their feet.
We advance and they retreat in dignified measure;
As they come forward, we part and drop behind;
Thus, in symmetrical circles, although independent,
Our lives, in a slow quadrille, have intertwined.

—WILLIAM H. MATCHETT

CHRISTMAS WITH THE FRENCH

THE advent of Christmas invariably makes me think of the Christmas I spent eight years ago, when I was a volunteer ambulance driver with the Free French Army in the Western Desert of Africa. The unit I was attached to was a mixed, self-contained group of infantry and light armor, about a thousand men strong, commanded by a French Regular Army colonel. There were ten of us civilian American ambulance drivers. We rated as officers and were part of the unit headquarters detachment, as were a number of ordnance mechanics, an English surgical team, a French doctor, two nurses of ambiguous nationality, a spade-bearded Breton chaplain, and a handful of staff officers. In mid-November, a week or so after the Eighth Army's breakthrough at El Alamein, our outfit was pulled out of the front lines and we set up camp in a tiny place named El Adem, near the Egyptian border. Here we were supposed to regroup and await new transport and equipment, which was to arrive early in January.

Scarcely had we fully settled down in El Adem, however, when the Colonel put out an order to break camp and move to a place called Gambut, fifty miles to the northeast. As the war was then taking place some eight hundred miles to the west, in Cyrenaica, it was a move that was completely devoid of military significance. The official reason for it, presented to the British commander of the area, who had to pass on all such moves, was that El Adem was in a wet, cold wadi, whereas Gambut, though no warmer, was at least on high, dry ground. Beneath this conspicuous solicitude for the well-being of his troops, the Colonel had a much more subtle intent. With Christmas approaching, he had worked out a careful plan whereby his command would be able to draw liquor and rations from two sources rather than from only the prescribed one. Ration permits for all units in that section of the North African theatre were issued by the British commander on the tenth of each month, and the Colonel had resourcefully arranged our move so that an advance party would be sent ahead to establish the unit's name on the Gambut ration list, while a rear

guard would be left behind long enough to keep our place on the El Adem list. In the widespread, and often calculated, confusion that always attended French dealings with the British supply system, this piece of chicanery was almost certain to pass unnoticed for at least a month, and by that time we would be back in combat.

THE El Adem-to-Gambut shift took nine days to prepare for and eight hours to execute. Transplanting a thousand men ordinarily presented no great problem in the desert, and most British and American units would have accomplished the whole operation in little more than a day. It wasn't because the French lacked efficiency that they took so much longer; it was, rather, because they had too much efficiency. Their ordnance workshops were responsible for part of their trouble. Minor mechanical disorders were always occurring in the desert—even the British and the Americans were constantly harassed by dust-clogged carburetors, broken brake lines, and blocked fuel systems—but because the French believed that nothing was worth doing unless it was done on a grand scale, they refused to recognize any such thing as a minor repair job. They swiftly converted every minor disorder into a major one. If a cylinder was missing fire, the only remedy was to take out the engine and replace it with another; if the front wheels wobbled, the wheels, axle, and steering assembly had to be



stripped down to the bearings. Of the two hundred camions, armored cars, staff cars, and ambulances our unit possessed, a large proportion were always at the headquarters ordnance shop undergoing repairs. When the Colonel's order to get ready to move the camp came through, there were no fewer than seventy completely disassembled vehicles that had to be put together again, or at least put into towable state.

Another reason it took our outfit so long to get on its feet, or on its wheels, was that the Frenchmen in it always cultivated a feeling of permanency about their encampments. All the British and American camps I ever had occasion to visit had an air of nomadic impermanence about them, as though they had been set up merely to afford tem-

porary shelter and could be struck at a moment's notice. Our camp at El Adem, which had been in existence only three weeks, looked as though it had been there not less than six months. This illusion was largely achieved by the extraordinary amount of extra, non-military equipment the French officers and men unfailingly carried with them from place to place. The Colonel, for instance, was accustomed to sleeping in a huge four-poster bed—so big that his tent had to be erected around it—and it was the first thing set up at every new camp. Several of the other officers also had beds, though smaller ones, and some even had bureaus and overstuffed chairs. (It seemed to be a point of honor with them never to use anything that was collapsible or readily portable.) Almost all the furnishings of the officers' tents had been appropriated from captured Italian villages, and no tent was considered livable unless it had at least one large rug. Indeed, most had three or four rugs, spread on top of each other, in anticipation of the day when they could be taken to Alexandria or Cairo and sold in the bazaars.

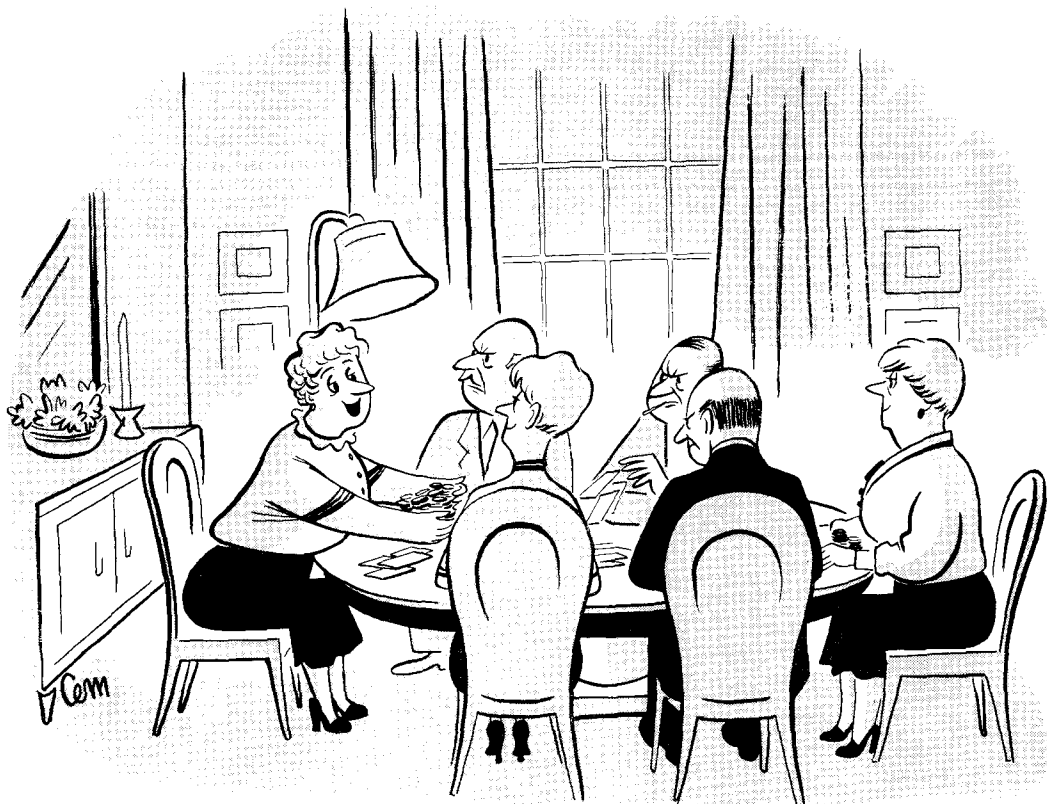
The grounds of the camp gave evidence of similar attention to the refinements of living. The Colonel had a fairly extensive flower garden, which he transported in a collection of ammunition boxes; the cook grew his own garlic, parsley, and mint, also in ammunition boxes; the paths between the tents were lined with whitewashed stones, which were carried to each new camp; and a four-foot marble statue of a demure nude stood in front of the French doctor's tent—an acquisition from an Italian villa in Derna. In addition to all this, there was a forty-foot flagpole that was always raised in the center of the camp. It had once been the mast of a trading schooner stranded in Tobruk. All in all, the dismantling, packing, and loading of this impedimenta took at least as much time as the reconstruction of the disembowelled vehicles in the workshops.

BY the tenth day, everything was in readiness, and at ten o'clock that morning the column set out on the main road across the desert for Gambut. The Colonel led the column in a captured Mercedes-Benz staff car, one of the nurses on each side of him in the back seat, as was customary, and strung out behind him was a miscellaneous caravan of rolling stock, including jeeps, ambulances, Bren-gun carriers, armored cars, camions, a cook-wagon on

iron-rimmed wheels, and the Colonel's field office, which was an elaborate Italian-built trailer. Nearly every live vehicle towed a dead one, and a station wagon followed the Mercedes-Benz to tow that when it broke down. 'This it did within an hour.

Few circus or carnival trains have ever excited more curiosity or presented a more startling appearance than a French convoy on the road in Africa, and our column had the traditional Barnum touch. Undaunted by the collapse of the Mercedes and its having to be towed, the Colonel continued to sit in the open back seat, the nurses beside him, with his arms folded and his head in the air, as though he were a victorious general entering a newly liberated city. Among the combat outfits that tagged along behind our headquarters group were a regular Free French armored-car detachment, a company of Senegalese infantry, a battalion of the French Foreign Legion, a colonial unit of French Marines, which included a number of Tonkinese troops, and an assortment of Arab conscripts. The two nurses were the only European women west of Mersa Matrûh at the time. The reception accorded them by passing British troops, many of whom hadn't seen a woman in more than six months, was occasionally vociferous but more often one of mute awe. Still, it was difficult to tell whether the blank look of wonder on the faces of the gaping bystanders was provoked by the two girls or by the general effect of the whole incredible convoy. Actually, the presence of the girls may have been less fantastic than anything else.

EXCEPT for the breakdown of the Colonel's car, the journey to Gambut was relatively uneventful, and we reached the new camp site shortly before dark. That night the entire column slept either in or beside its vehicles, and the next morning, starting with the Colonel's bed, the camp was set up. Beds, bureaus, and chairs were unloaded from the camions, and the usual layers of rugs were put down to cover the hard, stony ground. The doctor's nude and the flagpole were set in place; the whitewashed stones were laid along the pathways; the Colonel's flower boxes



"...and then you dot them with butter and broen in a moderate oven for twenty-five minutes."

and the cook's parsley, garlic, and mint plants were unloaded. No sooner was the ordnance workshop laid out than the mechanics feverishly began to pull engines apart. The spirit, as well as the physical aspect, of the El Adem camp was duplicated exactly. By nightfall, it looked as though we had been in the spot for months.

The next day, the serious work of preparing for Christmas began. This consisted mainly of devising expeditions and ruses to secure extra rations of food and drink for all hands, and particularly for the officers' mess. The British quartermaster recognized the fact that Christmas was different from any other day only to the extent of issuing ingredients for the manufacture of plum duffs, and an extra bottle of beer per man. This niggardliness neither impressed nor deterred the French. They rarely paid more than the most superficial attention to the British ration system, even though, officially, it was their only source of supply. While the British Eighth Army was subsisting on bacon-and-porridge breakfasts, cheese-and-cracker lunches, and bully-beef dinners, the French were sitting down to two hot meals a day—*hors d'oeuvres*, soup, *entrées* of fresh fish or meat, wine,

and pastry or crêpes Suzette. The bully beef, which was the backbone of the desert ration, they used only as an hors d'oeuvre. As for the British idea of an austerity Christmas, they flatly refused to consider it.

For the next two weeks, the energy of almost the entire camp was directed toward wangling stores from the British depots, falsifying troop numbers, and appropriating or bartering for special additional supplies outside the regular channels. Except for the mechanics, who refused to abandon their impassioned dissections even for Christmas, the outfit suspended all normal military activities. A stream of officers and *sous-officiers* went daily to the various British quartermaster dumps and the canteens of the Navy, Army, and Air Force Institutes in the district, in the hope that lingual misunderstandings might lead to further illegitimate issues. Scout cars were sent out on maneuvers the sole purpose of which was to chase down any natives who might be willing to trade fresh eggs or a goat for bully beef; patrols were dispatched to the nearby beach on day-long exercises consisting of netting fish; the Colonel himself, in sudden concern for Franco-American relations, took to visiting and entertaining the offi-



"You couldn't have been listening. If you'd been listening, you'd be mad."

cers of an American fighter squadron based a few miles away, an act of friendliness that paid off with three cases of Old Grand-Dad. The doctor termed this relationship the *entente bourbon*.

Our American ambulances were of central importance in this broad-scale foraging. They were the only vehicles of the unit that had any legitimate right to go into Cairo or Alexandria, and we drivers made the long run eastward almost daily. Normally, hospital cases among the troops were taken care of at headquarters, unless the patients' wounds or ailments were considered too complicated for local handling. Now a sudden epidemic of maladies defying diagnosis struck the unit. Legionnaires who ordinarily would have been restored to hardihood and duty by tonics, shots, or other minor treatments suddenly found themselves summarily bundled off to one of the big base hospitals in Cairo or Alexandria for high-powered examination. The design behind this was twofold. Unloading a dozen or so patients every day meant that there would be fewer mouths to feed on Christmas, and taking our ambulances into town meant that we could bring back loads of wines, pastries, plum puddings, pâtés, and candy from the various Cairo and Alexandria shops. I think the only honestly urgent cases we had during this period were two ar-

mored-detachment noncoms who had finished off an evening of pre-Christmas celebration by sharing a bottle of hydraulic-brake fluid. One died shortly after we got him to Cairo. On hearing of his demise, the other remarked, "*Peut-être c'est juste*. It was his idea. I only drank to keep him company."

By the twenty-fourth of December, the activities of the foraging patrols had been completed. Every Arab settlement within miles had been visited, every supply depot and N.A.A.F.I. canteen had been bled to the last chocolate bar, every possible patient had been sent to a hospital in Cairo or Alexandria, and every piastre that could be subscribed had been spent on luxuries from the city shops. Added to this stock were the Christmas packages we Americans had received the week before from home and the packages the Comité Français of Alexandria had sent every man in the outfit. The tents of the camp bulged and overflowed.

THE celebration of Christmas Day was to start with a midnight Mass followed by a Christmas breakfast. During the previous week, the bearded Breton padre had commandeered all the unused tents in the camp to make a church. By day, his finished structure looked decidedly disappointing; more than anything ecclesiastical, it resembled

the sideshow tents of an itinerant carnival. British Army tents were joined side by side with French, German, and Italian tents of different sizes and different colors to form one large edifice. Ridgepoles were not available for the German and Italian tents, so standard French and British poles had to be used throughout, despite the fact that they were the wrong size. The result was that the church sagged and protruded alarmingly and looked as though it would fall flat in the slightest wind. Yet on Christmas Eve the alchemy of the season transformed this flapping cavern into a real church as surprisingly and as surely as the same sort of alchemy changed the temperament of Scrooge.

It was clear and cold—as cold as December in Connecticut—when we gathered for Mass, and there was a full moon that turned the brown daylight drabness of the desert into silver-and-shadow beauty. Long before midnight, the padre's improvised chapel began to fill. The altar was of the standard, portable Army type, but flowers and candles had been obtained in Cairo to decorate it. On one side was a small Christmas tree that one of the French officers had brought back with him from a holiday in the mountains of Syria; on the other was the choir stall. (The choir had been recruited from the officers, and the Colonel was the leader.) The altar boys, shifting about uncomfortably from one foot to the other, were two gnarled and beribboned Legionnaires. Behind the choir was a small harmonium, and outside the tent five German shell cases that had been matched for pitch were hung as a carillon. During the half hour before Mass, these pealed forth with "*Adeste Fideles*" (notes impossible to achieve were artfully skipped), and an unidentifiable composition that sounded more like "*Widdicombe Fair*" than like any carol or hymn. They were the only pieces the carillonneur knew. Through the clear, still air, they rang as joyfully and familiarly as the bells of a village church.

The soldiers who crowded the newly materialized nave and transept probably represented as many religions as nationalities. There were the regular French soldiers, the polyglot Legionnaires, the tall, black Senegalese, and the small, sleek-haired Indonesian

Marines. The nearby American airfield was represented by a detachment of pilots and crewmen in flying boots and sheepskin jackets. Several black-bereted British Tommies from a tank-repair depot not far away had come over in two Bren-gun carriers, and there were three officers of the Eighth Hussars, in goatskin overcoats and corduroy trousers, who were spending the night at our camp on their way to the front. Two days before, a South African column had laagered two miles to the west of us, and some of its officers joined the congregation, too, along with a handful of their Basuto troops, whose brilliant orange shoulder patches stood out sharply against the olive brown of their greatcoats. Probably never again during the war would so many allied yet fundamentally clashing elements meet in such understanding; in the midst of the Sahara night, this odd, divergent group stood momentarily together with only a war and a Nativity to bind them. Then, once the Mass was over, all the visitors returned to their several camps, billets, and individual back-grounds. We Americans repaired to the French headquarters-officers' mess, where we breakfasted heartily on hors d'oeuvres, cold ham and chicken, and white wine.

CHRISTMAS DAY was typical of the North African winter—cold, gray-skied, windy. By eleven, all of us at headquarters were gathered around the small wood-burning stove in the mess tent, warming our hands on tin mugs of French coffee—by far the best use anyone could put it to. A battered victrola, a giant, horned relic that someone had appropriated in Benghazi, scratched through a few records of Christmas carols, picked up in Cairo, alternating with some Jean Sablon songs and a Bing Crosby recording of "The Waiter and the Porter and the Upstairs Maid." It wasn't a wholly orthodox selection for the day, but it was our entire collection.

At noon, we started on the milk punch, which had been made during the morning in a vast galvanized washtub we had borrowed from a British quartermaster depot. The Old Grand-Dad was used in place of brandy, and powdered milk in place of fresh, but the nutmeg was real and the result a total success. The first toast, naturally, was to the Colonel's *couteau bourbon*, and it was proposed by the padre himself. Dinner began at one and lasted until three. The first course was a splendid pâté, which was followed by elaborate hors

d'oeuvres. Then came onion soup, roast pig, roast goat, roast chicken, and, finally, a blazing plum pudding.

By the time the last toast had been proposed and the last raisin scooped up, it was time for the Christmas tennis tournament. All during the previous week, the Colonel had kept fatigue details busy clearing, rolling, and marking out a court on the flat ground alongside the main road. Camouflage nets had been made into a tennis net and backstops. Chairs lined both sides of the court, and the Colonel's Italian field-office trailer, with outrigger tents stretched out from each side, served as the Members' Pavilion. From their inexhaustible kits, the French officers had unearthed white flannels or shorts, tennis shoes, and gaily colored polo shirts. Four giant Senegalese acted as ball boys, and tiny Indonesians in white jackets served drinks and canapés to all in the pavilion. A sign had even been erected at the side of the road—a huge canvas banner, carefully lettered "*Club de Tennis de Gambut. Tournament Aujourd'hui.*"

As wide-eyed, disbelieving British troops rumbled past in convoys on the road, the French officers played tennis in complete detachment, concentrating only on the requirement that the Colonel must be given a close game but under no circumstances be beaten. What the dust-covered passing soldiers, coming out of or going into combat, thought of the whole astounding spectacle is impossible to say. I still recall one remark I overheard, made by a tank driver whose column had momentarily come to a halt. "My God, Jock!" he called over the roar of his engine to another driver. "What is this—a bloody mirage?" By that time, few of us could have been sure ourselves.

—W. A. POWERS

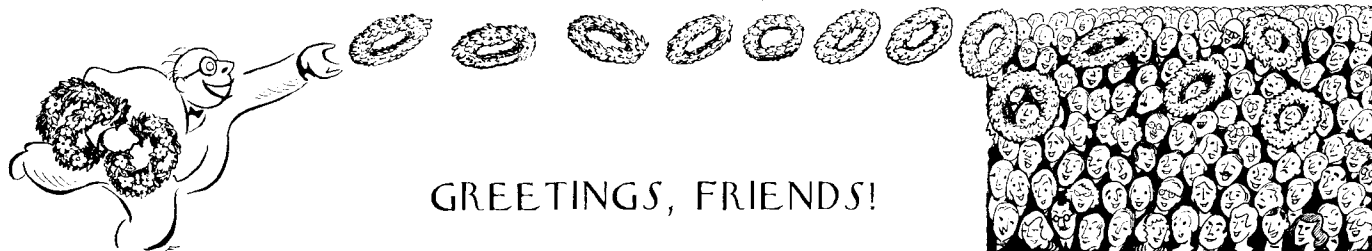
I don't know which part of him belongs to Metro and which to Columbia—unlike Al Gaul, he's divided only in two parts instead of three.—*Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph.*

By the way, how is Al?





"...then good old Scrooge, bless his heart, turned to Bob Cratchit and snarled, 'Let me hear another sound from you and you'll keep Christmas by losing your situation.'"



GREETINGS, FRIENDS!

The hallow'd and the gracious time's
 At hand, friends, so in these few chimes
 Permit your ululating bard
 To sound his annual Christmas card.
 We'll sing, in cordial dithyramb,
 The praise of Philip Faversham,
 And Boris Karloff, Elswyth Thane,
 Phil Rizzuto, and Milton Crane.
 We'll give the harp a lusty plunk
 In honor of Thelonius Monk,
 Paul Kelly, Helen Hayes,
 And the Roosevelts, including the Oyster Bays.
 Ring peace, but not the Stockholm brand,
 To all good folk in every land.
 Bless friend and foe, bless saint and sinner,
 Bless Hawley Truax and Witter Bynner;
 Bless every distant khaki'd Joe,
 Bless Jack Benwell, David Low,
 Dusty Bruce, Christopher Rand,
 Anita Loos, Charlie Hand,
 Judith Crist, Roger Price,
 Eugene List, and Fanny Brice.
 Bless all the Vikings from that leaky
 But undaunted raft Kon-Tiki;
 Bless Thomas Murphy, Joyce Cary,
 And Loring's rhyming dictionary.
 Peace from broils and strikes and fission;
 Surcease from color television;
 Peace to the nations at Lake Success;
 Euphoria to Demaree Bess!
 Hurrah for Joseph Mankiewicz!
 More power to Robert Winternitz!
 Three cheers for the junior E. J. Kahn,
 For Jeffrey Barach and his brother John!
Skaal to Mayor Impellitteri!
Vivano, Henry Souvaine and Geri,
 Bill Ogden, Milton Mackaye,
 John Craven, Christopher Fry,
 Pearl Bailey, Henry Green,
 Dan Dailey, and George Skibine!
 Ah, there, Hortense Powdermaker!
 Greetings to Charles Wertenbaker!
 Bring Christmas glee to John McCarty!
 Bring balm for the Democratic Party!
 Waits, tune up! Let's hear you twitter
 Cheerily for Thelma Ritter;
 Warble for Rocky Graziano,
 And Pinto, Winokur & Pagano;
 And launch upon the silly night
 A stave or two for Harvey Breit.
 Oblige us, seasonal cherubim,
 By chanting the praises of Alastair Sim,
 Peter Turgeon, Mary Borden,
 And Dr. Sara Murray Jordan.
Fröhliche Weihnachten, Max Engel,
 Julia Larsen, Casey Stengel.
 The same to Secretary Brannan,

Eddie Jackson, Teck Hannan,
 Jack Merivale, F.P.A.,
 Thomas Finletter and Gay,
 John Hersey and Frances Ann,
 And Ernest Greenwood, and Gussie Moran.
 The blessing of the good Saint Nick
 On Joe H. Palmer and Robert Pick,
 And on every mariner and landlubber
 The blessing of the good Saint Subber.
 A friendly bong on the nearest gong
 To show our affection for Jade Snow Wong,
 Clark Clifford, Yvonne Adair,
 Ambassador Gifford, and Nora Sayre.
 Uncork that ancient, cobwebbed bottle;
 We'll drink to Professor Frederick Pottle,
 To Senator Lehman, Senator Duff,
 And Editor Henry Beetle Hough,
 And hoist a beaker of Christmas punch
 To a sterling Nobelman, Ralph J. Bunche.
 I mean to say, we'll celebrate
 With Parmly Clapp and Norene Tate,
 Emmy Plaut, Barbara Ames,
 Edith Evans, and all the Dames;
 Martha King, Robert Bliss,
 And William Faulkner, of Oxford, Miss.

The season's joys to those peerless pearls,
 The Saratoga telephone girls,
 And a Happy Yule to Alistair Cooke,
 Ezzard Charles, Sidney Hook,
 The Goddard Liebersons, Nancy Reed,
 The de Liagres, and Sammy Sneed.
Adeste, Gracie Hartman and Paul!
Adeste, Bud and Marcella Hall!
 O come, on this snowy Eve we'll sing
 For Connie, Cookie, and Carlton King,
 For Mr. and Mrs. Richard Lyon,
 And my newest godchild, Kathleen O'Brien.
 We'll manage a rousing Christmas chantey
 For Whitey Ford and Jim Konstanty,
 And, if still unfrozen, we'll caterwaul
 Our love for Senator Saltonstall.
 Gladsome tidings, Sir Gladwyn Jebb!
 Gladwyn tidings to Clifton Webb!
 Christmas cheer, and plenty of it,
 To General Marshall and Robert Lovett!
 Joy to Thomas Caldecot Chubb,
 And the members of the Dutch Treat Club,
 To Dean Acheson, Anthony Eden,
 Wolcott Gibbs, and the King of Sweden.
 We'll try to be merry as Christmas grigs
 To organ music by E. Power Biggs:
 With Thomas Mann and Claude Dauphin,
 We'll hoof it through a Yule pavane;
 And with fingers crossed, but with good cheer,
 We'll two-step into the coming year.

—FRANK SULLIVAN

* * * P R O F I L E S * *

LEGEND OF A SPORT

POSTSCRIPT: THE PLAYWRITING PHASE~I

NINETEEN hundred and eleven was Wilson Mizner's big year. He had suddenly become important and legitimate. He was a successful Broadway playwright. "We were lunching at Shanley's, and the Beau Brummell of Nome and Broadway was magnificent in every way," wrote Colgate Baker in a full-page story about Mizner in the *New York Review*. "The headwaiter bowed lower than I had ever seen him bow before. Even the chef came up from the kitchen to pay his respects. Ah! It is something to be the author of the dramatic sensation of the hour." Mizner was not only a box-office success; he was also the center of an intellectual disturbance. His play, "The Deep Purple," written in collaboration with Paul Armstrong, was a landmark in American culture—the first effective drama about modern city-bred criminals. It was the pioneer get-together of Broadway and Sing Sing, and it started a trend in public taste in bad men, leading audiences to favor metropolitan scalawags over Western outlaws with seventeen notches on their cannons. Conservative critics were outraged by "The Deep Purple." The conservative critics were theological authorities in disguise. They looked on Broadway as a theological seminary and were scandalized when Mizner invaded the campus with his highly specialized rogues.

The professional criminal was not a complete stranger to the stage. He had occasionally appeared as a stylized figure like Vice or Iniquity in the old morality plays. But the Mizner scamps were carefully and lovingly painted from life, and he was furiously reprimanded for presenting them as human beings rather than mere symbols of sin. He had defenders, but he was taking a hard pounding when "Oliver Twist" unexpectedly came to his rescue. The old Victorian thriller became the chief exhibit in justification of "The Deep Purple." Bill Sikes and the Artful Dodger were held to be the literary godfathers of Frisco Kate and Pop Clark. Montgomery



Phister, a prominent drama writer of the period, did an essay on the parallels between Mizner and Dickens, giving Mizner credit for higher literary integrity because he had actually joined the criminal classes, while Dickens had only read about them. Mizner, making common cause with Dickens, defended that great novelist against the charge of having undermined public morals. "Every church deacon in the country has revelled in the school for crime in 'Oliver Twist,'" he said in an interview in the *New York Press*, "but I have never yet met a safecracker who read it."

"The Deep Purple" caused New York critics to differ more widely than usual. The *Sun* called it stupid and vulgar; the *Evening Sun* called it great. Charles Darnton, of the *Evening World*, said it was the best crook play since "Deacon Brodie;" Louis V. De Foe, of the *Morning World*, classed it with "Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model." The *Times* deplored it; the *Herald* said it was no play to take your grandmother to; the *Press* said it "knocked the spots out of all the Arsène Lupins, Jimmy Valentines, and Raffleses." Percy Hammond, then of the *Chicago Tribune*, said it was the greatest melodrama since "Sweeney Todd." Mizner was ruffled by only one of his hostile critics, and that was the man on the *Sun*, who was anonymous. "If that fellow can criticize a play," said Mizner, "I can make a watch that will give milk." He added that a demitasse would make a plug hat for the *Sun*

critic—an expression later applied wholesale to executives and magnates in Hollywood.

The storm centered on Mizner rather than Armstrong because it was assumed that Mizner had furnished the underworld stuff and his collaborator the theatrical craftsmanship. Mizner's new role as a successful playwright made a startling change in his standing in the community. Previously a dubious character, he was now, at the age of thirty-four, an illustrious literary man. Tales of his earlier knaveries and rogueries only added to his prestige. He "sparkled with larceny," as he said; he had the sinister lustre of Chaliapin, who used to paint himself with phosphorus when he played Mephistopheles. Crook drama was the rage, and Mizner was its prophet. As the only first-hand crime authority among the playwrights, he was proud of his preëminence. In an interview in the *Press*, he said, "I know more about crime than any other man who still owns a controlling interest in his own liberty." Ashton Stevens, the Chicago critic, pointed out in a page interview with Mizner that he couldn't have spent all his life tilting at the penal code, since Stevens himself had seen the card of a rubber corporation that read "WILSON MIZNER, PRESIDENT." Mizner confessed that he had once been a rubber magnate but said he had retired when a prospect turned out to be a rubber expert. "He let me talk for an hour," Mizner said, "and then he turned on me and said, 'Mr. Mizner, it is perfectly clear that you don't know whether they gather rubber with a step-ladder or a diving bell.'" But after getting out of rubber, Mizner continued to be the president or chairman of the board of some of the prettiest oil, steel, and aluminum companies ever printed. He was one of America's greatest captains of industry to anybody who believed in lithography. Ashton Stevens couldn't understand why anybody would abandon big business for the stage. "What lured you into playwriting, Mr. Mizner?" he inquired.

"Stringent vagrancy laws," said Mizner.

"The Deep Purple" was based on the now archaic "badger game"—the time-honored device of decoying a victim to a lady's apartment, where her confederate breaks in, shouts "You hound!", waves a six-shooter, and collects spot-cash damages for alienation of affections. It was understood on Broadway that Mizner had been a badger-game specialist in his Alaska days. Having achieved a long, vivid past before he was old enough to vote, he had started reminiscing in his early twenties, and Mizner stories were already in general circulation. The *New York Review* slyly remarked, "Mr. Armstrong's taking into partnership of Mr. Mizner upon the exploitation of a topic so delicate and so technical may be accounted for upon various theories, none of which need of necessity find exploitation in this paragraph." Colgate Baker bluntly asked Mizner where he had learned the "badger" technique. "You must remember that I once kept a theatrical hotel," said Mizner.

This was a reference to the Hotel Rand, a Times Square caravan-sary that Mizner had run for a few months in 1907 and that had added considerably to his knowledge of crime. Old inhabitants of Times Square still look back on the Rand as the most lurid oasis in the town's nocturnal history. Mizner operated it as he had earlier operated the Hotel McQuestion (which he called the Hotel No Questions), in Nome, and the Rand stands out in Manhattan folklore as the Paul Bunyan of shady hotels. The only Mid-Victorian touch at the Rand was a set of gongs that rang on all the floors at 3 A. M. to notify guests that it was time to go back to their own rooms, if they were so disposed. Guests were forbidden to play their pianos before 5 P.M., so that they would not awaken their fellow-guests. There was a big welcome for

everybody at the Rand, its hospitable slogan being "Get off at any floor and walk in any door." Besides the world-famous rules "No opium-smoking in the elevators" and "Guests must carry out their own dead," Mizner made, or so he claimed, another important contribution to American hotel practice—a net at the third floor to catch falling bodies. He asserted that he had problems at the Rand that no other hotel man had ever faced. Tired of shivering on the fire escapes while their girls entertained customers within, the pimps held a meeting and demanded steam-heated fire escapes. Mizner's greatest trial occurred when his brother the Reverend Henry Watson Mizner, a High Episcopalian clergyman from St. Louis, came to New York to visit him. Wilson rushed to an employment agency and hired several mothers to sit in the lobby with their little ones in order to give the illusion of a family hotel, and then he hammered the point home by posting a sign reading "Keep the Children Away from the Elevators." Ashton Stevens

dropped in to see Mizner during another crisis at the Rand. Practically every room in New York had been taken by a great Christian Endeavor convention, and the Rand found itself infiltrated with practicing Christians, some of whom are probably still scandalizing their parishes with the tales of what went on in Mizner's uninhibited hostelry.

Before operating the Rand, Mizner, as the husband of the former Mrs. Yerkes, had operated the Charles Tyson Yerkes mansion on Fifth Avenue. This caused some people to consider him a great authority on society as well as on "gentle larceny," confidence games, and other brainy felonies. It was rumored that he was about to write a drama about high life. "No," said Mizner. "People are tired of high life. The average person sees all the royalty he wants in a deck of cards." Nothing ever happened on Fifth Avenue, he added, because seventeen butlers stood between you and first-hand contact with the world. "If you were shipwrecked with all of society on a desert island for three



"You mean you've been working right here in filing all year!"

years," he concluded, "you wouldn't have enough material for a ten-minute sketch."

ACCORDING to the good old custom, the new celebrity automatically became a journalistic authority on everything. Mizner's views were sought and obtained on a great variety of subjects. He censured the Taft administration for treating all successful men as criminals. He was concerned about the corruption of the judiciary. At one time, he said, he had looked on all judges as saints. "Today," he said, "I would bribe one with a peanut, and my only fear would be that he would hold out for a walnut." The big question in all these interviews was how to achieve success in life. "Impudence" was the secret, according to Mizner. He illustrated the thesis with the story of the judge who said, "You're charged with petty larceny," to which the defendant replied, "What other kind of larceny is open to a poor man?" "Now," Mizner would continue, "you take that very same man and give him a little more gall and a new fountain pen, and he could split Wall Street up the back." The next question was usually

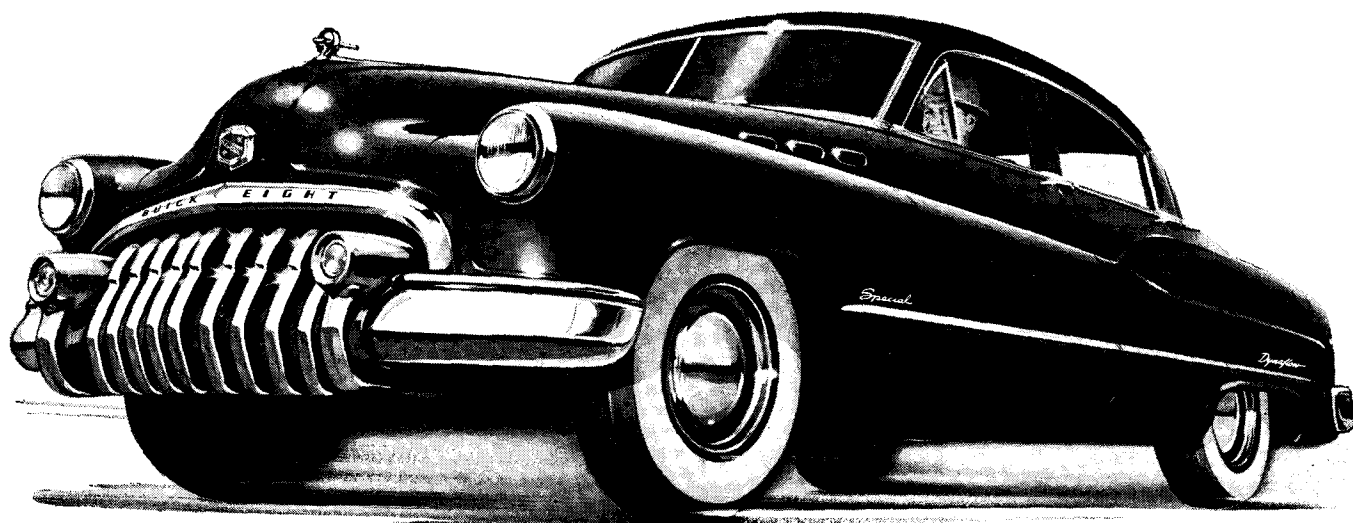
why crime plays were so popular. "Because everybody is dodging laws," Mizner said. One reporter, alarmed at Mizner's cynical attitude, asked him to comment seriously on the hypothetical case of an eager young man just starting out in life, full of ideals and firmly believing in honesty, integrity, and human goodness. "What would you do with him?" asked the reporter. "Give him a bath," said Mizner.

By the time Mizner became a hit playwright, he had had a desultory connection with the stage as performer, writer, and stage-door Johnny for many years. His first dramatic dialogue was, according to his own account, a skit written for the Cyranose Sisters, a vaudeville team that played Nome. The scene was laid in a grocery store. One character asked, "Have you any coffee in the bean?" The other replied, "No, this is the ground floor." The poor reception accorded this act retarded Mizner's writing career for years. Billy Huson, a veteran vaudeville performer who struggled along the Trail of '98 with a section of the first piano to arrive in Dawson City, stated that Mizner gained some reputation in the Far North as a songwriter, one of

his compositions being "The Ruby Sands of Nome." Jim Tully implicated Mizner in the authorship of "Frankie and Johnnie," and one legend has it that he composed that classic in collaboration with George Hart, a Reno singer and piano player, with some assistance from a snake charmer whose python was gliding about on the piano while the ballad was being created. Mizner was a piano-playing professor on the Barbary Coast of San Francisco and in other red-light districts when he was in his teens. For a while, he toured the West Coast singing pathetic ballads to accompany magic-lantern slides. The old "illustrated song" artists were hired for practically nothing by the cheaper vaudeville houses and were considered the lowest form of life in the entertainment world—fathoms below acrobats and swingers of illuminated Indian clubs. Mizner always claimed that he had no shame, but he apparently never confided to his Broadway and Palm Beach pals that he had once sung illustrated songs. The fact came out in a letter written by a Fresno man to Mark Kelly, a Los Angeles sportswriter, who had done a column about Mizner. "Is this man Mizner," demanded the Fresno man, "the six-fingered thief who came to Fresno under the name of Gerard Salvini, the Golden-Throated Thrush?" The writer said that the Thrush had attempted to elope with a Fresno girl without being aware of the fact that she was the daughter of a high Fresno official, and that he missed a prison cell only by fast footwork. The letter enclosed an old vaudeville program with a picture of the singer, who was unmistakably Wilson Mizner around the age of twenty. On being shown the documentary evidence, Mizner confessed that he was the golden-throated Salvini and added, "I didn't think there was another man alive who knew about that." People in Nome believed that Mizner had a grand-opera voice, according to Jack Hines, author of "Minstrel on the Yukon," who wrote of a New Year's party at which Diamond Jim Wilson, owner of the Anvil Saloon and head of the Nome Fire Department, raised his glass and asked everybody to drink the health of Wilson Mizner, "the best damn songbird in Alaska." Diamond Jim dropped dead of apoplexy as he drank; Mizner and two or three others opened his safe and divided his jewels and gold among them, probating, administering, settling, and distributing the estate in about ten minutes. A. J. Cody, former United States Marshal of Nome, a per-



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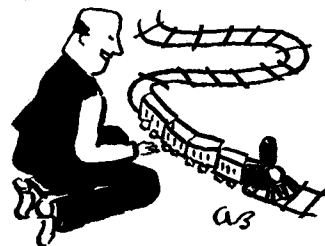
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sonal friend but official enemy of Mizner, who was under suspicion of several major crimes, once said that the famous old light-opera star Henry Clay Barnabee went crazy over Mizner's voice and begged him to train for the operatic stage. Mizner's great opportunity for stardom came, according to Walter Moore, theatrical-printing executive, from George M. Cohan, who wanted Mizner to play J. Rufus Wallingford in "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford." Because of Mizner's physique and his aura of romantic nefariousness, Cohan, Moore said, pleaded with him by the hour, exclaiming more than once, "Wilson, you've got to take the part. You are J. Rufus Wallingford." But Mizner was appalled at the thought of killing the sweet of the evening by regular appearances on the stage.

Many years before he won success as a playwright, Mizner had had vague literary ambitions. Edward Dean Sullivan, author of "The Fabulous Wilson Mizner," quoted him as saying that he was trying to write even during his turbulent domesticity in the Yerkes mansion. Mizner travelled with a literary set in New York and was a close friend of O. Henry. One of his prized possessions was a nine-page O. Henry letter addressed to "Wilson Montagu Mizner" in London at a time when Mizner was engaged in taking ancient American burlesque gags and adapting them for the Cockney audiences at the London Circus. Pretending to be Mignonette Le Clair, the widow of the burlesque king who owned the copyright on the stolen gags, O. Henry wrote demanding royalties and threatening to expose some of the unsavory chapters of Mizner's career in Alaska and San Francisco. The letter said that the exposé would not be a "knock" in Mizner's New York set but would hurt him with the British aristocracy, which Mizner was then said to be worming his way into. O. Henry offered to sell Mizner all the late burlesque king's copyrighted material, including the give-me-two-tens-for-a-five joke and the hold-this-baby-for-a-minute joke, as well as two sets match-scratching whiskers, one red nose that lights up by electricity, one pair funny pants with red flannel patch on prat, one laughable bald-headed wig with wart that explodes. "With the above funny stuff," O. Henry concluded, "you may be able to stay in London several years."



Other literary friends were always urging Mizner to write his stories instead of telling them over highballs. On one occasion, Sam Berger, the erudite heavyweight prizefighter, got pencils and paper for Mizner and mounted guard while he wrote, but a cute voice over the telephone interrupted in the middle of the first paragraph, and Mizner disappeared for two weeks. Now and then, Mizner became excited about collaborating with somebody. At one time, he talked of a literary partnership with Louis Joseph Vance, author of "The Brass Bowl" and other best-sellers, but nothing came of it. Next to Paul Armstrong, the man most successful at getting work out of Mizner was the late George Bronson-Howard, a literary light of some candlepower in the Taft era. Bronson-Howard badgered Mizner into dictating "Three Saved," a short story that *Collier's* bought for two hundred and fifty dollars and published. The statement has been printed that Mizner wrote the story to win a bet from Paul Armstrong, who contended that it had become impossible to sell any magazine a story containing the battered old phrase "God's Country" in the title. Mizner is said to have won the bet, although "God's Country" did not appear in the title or anywhere else in the story when it was published. *Collier's* was very enthusiastic and wanted all the stuff he could write. At lunch with the editors, he outlined stories until they begged him to stop, as he was threatening to write the whole magazine for years to come. A typical non-writing writer, Mizner executed none of these projected masterpieces. Bronson-Howard succeeded, however, in getting him to dictate a second short story, entitled "An Eye for Business," and Francis J. Timmey transcribed some of Mizner's conversation into a tale published as "The Harmony Kid."

Mizner told Agnes Smith, an interviewer for the *Morning Telegraph*, that he gave up magazine fiction because of an experience with an editor. In a short story, Mizner explained, he had had one character say to another, "I'm going to pick some wild flowers, and when I've tamed them, I'm going to give them to you." "What does that mean?" asked the editor. "It's an expression of contempt," said Mizner. "But," said the editor, "you can't tame wild flowers."

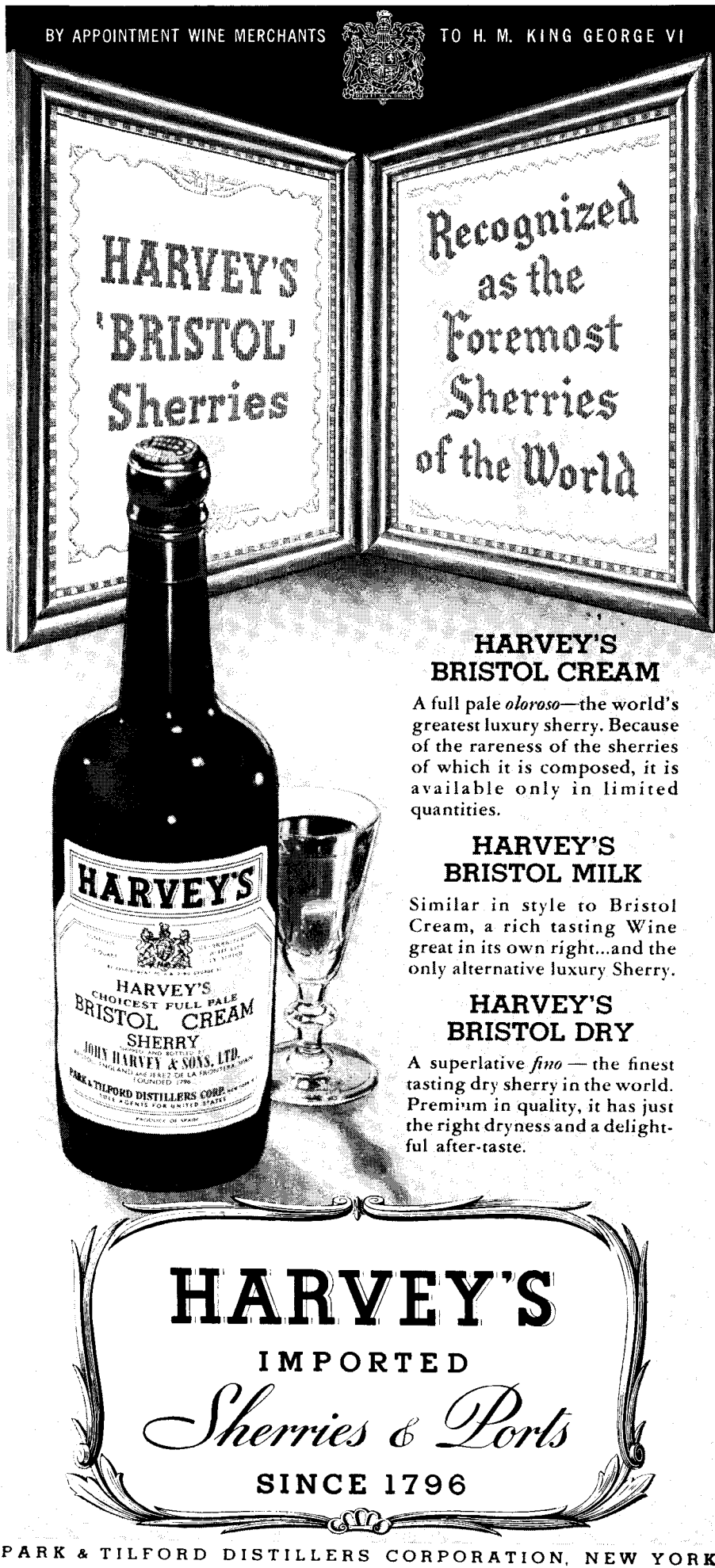
Before he attempted a fullfledged

drama, Mizner wrote several sketches. He made his Eastern debut as a writer for the stage in an Asbury Park vaudeville house on June 5, 1907, with a one-act play entitled "A Loyal Deception"—"a tenderly sentimental love story of sacrifice and loyalty [that] combines an original and wholesome plot with a fine drawing of character," said the review in the *Morning Telegraph*. "The Three Thieves" was another Mizner sketch. It apparently never hit Broadway, but old newspaper paragraphs tell of Mizner's being arrested for exceeding the speed limit while hurrying to Yonkers in his automobile to catch the opening of it there. Appearing as a witness in a John Doe inquiry into gambling in New York, Mizner mentioned the sketch "Ships That Pass in the Night" as among his stage triumphs. According to Ben Piazza, the Hollywood executive, this was one of the most brilliant sketches ever written. Mizner's first full-length play was "The Only Law," on which he collaborated with Bronson-Howard.

At every stage of his career, Mizner was associated with hair-raising people. Bronson-Howard was probably the most bloodcurdling of them all. He was New York's literary bad man, the Billy the Kid of the typewriter. He shot up the town with paper bullets. He blazed away at his enemies in his column in the *Morning Telegraph*, in essays, skits, and plays, in short stories, novelettes, and serials. His best writings were the by-products of vendettas. His grudge novel "God's Man," an attack on Magistrate Joseph Corrigan, was praised by Henry L. Mencken. He worked off the accumulated grievances of years in "Snobs," his most successful play. Sooner or later, Bronson-Howard tore apart all his old pals, lady friends, and business associates. The feud he eventually had with Mizner was the greatest eye-gouging in the dark and bloody history of collaboration.

Starting at the age of fourteen as a clerk in the Weather Bureau in Washington, Bronson-Howard shifted about in the federal service, winding up in the Philippine Constabulary. He had little schooling, but he had a great ambition to be a man of letters and devoted all his spare time to reading and writing. After breaking into journalism in the Philippines, he returned to this country and found work on a paper in Baltimore, where he became acquainted with Mencken, who was just emerging from the cub-reporter stage. Following another trip to the Orient, as a correspondent in the Russo-Japanese War, he be-

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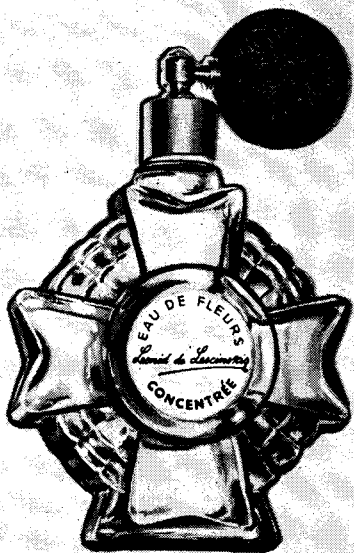
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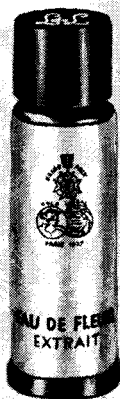
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gan to write adventure fiction at half a cent a word. He firmly believed that there was nothing so glorious as a writer, and he became a sensational dude in order to do justice to his position in the Republic of Letters. Percy Hammond wrote that, as a timid Middle Westerner, he found himself overawed by the size, shape, and glitter of Bronson-Howard's silk hat. Bronson-Howard told Mencken that he devoted half an hour every morning to studying his collection of neckties before selecting the one perfect pattern for that particular day. He once printed an attack on Mizner's sartorial illiteracy. Mizner had jeered at an English barrister who wore his handkerchief in his coat sleeve; this proved, Bronson-Howard claimed, that Mizner was ignorant of the fact that the swell-est tailors made the swell-est pants without pockets. In 1907, Bronson-Howard became a sort of hero of an early type of comic strip. His married life was the subject of numerous animated drawings by Tom Powers and others who did comic sketches to illustrate funny news stories. With the help of his literary eminence, Bronson-Howard had won a Virginia belle, but she walked out during the honeymoon and made a career of touring the country warning American girlhood against marrying a literary man. She charged that her literary man pounded out twenty thousand words a day during their honeymoon, repulsed her with the exclamation, "I got to make a deadline!" went to bed at night with his shoes on, started to dress in the morning by putting his hat on, used her beauty lotions, and always addressed her as "Thing." One of Bronson-Howard's oddities was suddenly becoming related to important people. Without warning, he became Howard Fitzalan, a cousin of the Duke of Norfolk. Originally, his name had been George Howard; he changed it to Bronson-Howard to establish kinship with Bronson Howard, the famous author of the Civil War play "Shenandoah." The real, and aged, Bronson Howard was fearfully chagrined by the general assumption that Bronson-Howard was an error of his youth.

Mizner and Bronson-Howard were an ill-assorted pair, Mizner being passionately dedicated to a life of ease, while

Bronson-Howard suffered from an industry neurosis. "He appalls me by his power of work," said Mizner in the *Dramatic Mirror*. "He spills words by the gallon. Phrases ooze out of every pore. I have seen him write twenty thousand words at a sitting, get dissatisfied with them, tear them up, and start all over again." Bronson-Howard turned out serials on Yorke Norroy of the Secret Service and other dashing characters who became standbys in the pulps. He was a mainstay of *Popular* and other action magazines. At the same time, he wrote a drama column for the *Morning Telegraph* and heavyweight essays for serious publications. In spite of being one of America's greatest manufacturers of claptrap, Bronson-Howard coolly bracketed himself with Mencken and George Jean Nathan as a crusader for integrity and realism in American letters. The one thing Mizner hated above all else was literary vanity, and that was a thing Bronson-Howard abounded in. Their feud originated in the fact that Bronson-Howard felt that magazine writing called for magnificent mental endowment, whereas Mizner contended that it was a low, grovelling occupation for plodding dullards. "Anybody who can write home for money can write for the magazines," Mizner told Bronson-Howard. Their rows broke into the newspapers from time to time. "Bronson-Howard thinks," Mizner told a *Review* reporter, "that if you stuck a knife in him, he would bleed pure English. Except for his use of the written cleverness of other men, he couldn't write a letter to his tailor." The friendship between the two men continued for years, in spite of episodes that would have parted Eeko and Iko or Chang and Eng. One day, Bronson-Howard rushed into Rector's with what sounded like a just complaint against Mizner. The



two men had had a falling out, and Mizner had chased Bronson-Howard out of the brownstone house on Forty-fourth Street he and Mizner occupied. Then Mizner told him to come back and get his trunk. Bronson-Howard drove up in a hack, walked up the steps, and rang the bell. There was a terrific crash. His trunk, dropped by Mizner from the third-story window, hit the front porch and broke into pieces, hurl-



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ing the bird-of-paradise wardrobe in all directions.

The original bond between Mizner and Bronson-Howard was their taste for the opium pipe. A third party at their "campfire" was a literary critic who wore a monocle and Oriental robes, put in his spare time catching the Encyclopædia Britannica in errors, and later became one of the top murder-mystery writers in the country. The old belief was that hitting the pipe was bad for the chuckleheaded multitude but excellent for Tiffany intellectuals like those of Mizner, Bronson-Howard, and the man with the monocle. This tradition was supported by the examples of Coleridge, Rossetti, Crabbe, and other inspired hopheads; De Quincey had exclaimed, "O just, subtle, and mighty opium!"; Baudelaire had glorified the paradises of opium and hashish. Sherlock Holmes was a more recent testimonial to the affinity between genius and dope. Opium-smoking is bad for the nerves, however, and it was responsible for some of Bronson-Howard's worst literary efforts. Mizner, Bronson-Howard, and the monocled encyclopedia-hater adopted a young Argentinian beauty called Teddie Gerard, who is said to have been the "chef" or "cooker" in charge of the complicated chore of heating, bubbling, and stirring opium pills to prepare them for smoking. According to eminent Broadway chroniclers, the three men coached the girl, corrected her diction, cultivated her personality, and started her on a stage career. The three Pygmalions were left at the post. Their protégée soared to greatness on Broadway, became La Belle Théodora in Paris and Teddie the Great in London, and compiled a list of adorners that included a Russian grand duke, a Hungarian prince, a couple of titled Britishers, a New York real-estate baron, and the heir of one of America's large fortunes. Bronson-Howard was distracted when she first showed signs of forsaking the little poppy-steeped home on Forty-fourth Street. Later on, he sat down to his avenging typewriter and wrote the customary invective against her, but at the moment he contented himself with merely stealing back a diamond ring he had given her and threatening her life with a Bowie knife that had an eight-inch blade. At this time, Miss Gerard was a big hit in the Broadway musical comedy "Havana." Bronson-Howard was arrested at the stage door and taken before Magistrate Joseph Corrigan. An extremely smart audience turned out for the preliminary hearing. The

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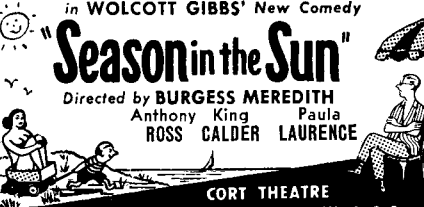
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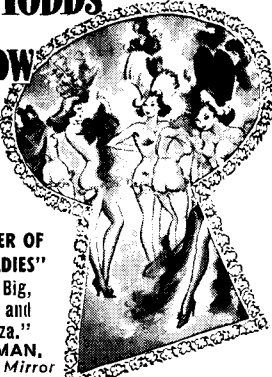
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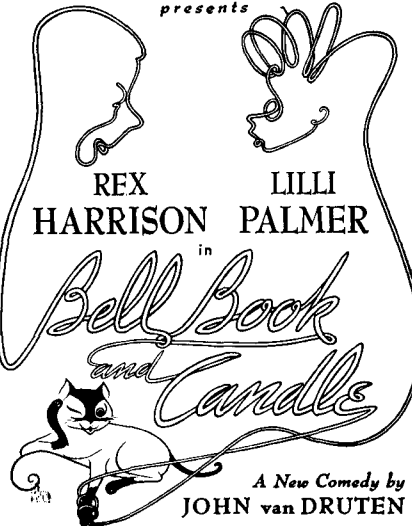
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Evs. 8:40; Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

Morning Telegraph said that Miss Gerard appeared at the morning session "in a black evening gown with rooster plumes in it and a \$10,000 diamond necklace with a heart-shaped pendant" and that she was "one of the most dazzling creatures that ever brightened the gloomy old courtroom with her hesitating and pouting complaint." She became so tangled up in her story that the diamond-ring charge had to be dropped, but Magistrate Corrigan held Bronson-Howard anyway, for carrying a deadly weapon. He was bailed out by Mizner, who put up a twenty-five-thousand-dollar house he owned on Eighty-fourth Street as security. Bronson-Howard considered that Corrigan had been impertinent to him. When he wrote the novel "God's Man" to square accounts with the disrespectful Magistrate, he christened his villain Cornigan and on one page spelled it "Corrigan" to make sure that nobody would misunderstand. The Magistrate, a man of spotless reputation, sued the publisher for two hundred thousand dollars. Several witnesses told of hearing Bronson-Howard say he had written the book to get even with the judge. One testified that the writer had refreshed his inspiration by smoking opium. "You mustn't say 'opium,'" interposed Justice Goff, who presided at the trial. "That's a conclusion. Say he was smoking 'a substance.'" The witness then described how Bronson-Howard manipulated "a substance" over an alcohol lamp, inhaled the smoke from a bamboo pipe with a porcelain bowl, and soon began to look funny. The jury returned a verdict of thirty-five thousand dollars in favor of Corrigan, but a higher court reversed it on a technicality, and the case was never retried. After his release on bail on the deadly-weapon charge, Bronson-Howard fled to Europe. He remained there until the excitement was over, then reappeared on Broadway as Fitzalan, the Duke's cousin. The authorities forgot to try him or to demand the forfeit of Mizner's twenty-five-thousand-dollar house.

"THE ONLY LAW" was the chief by-product of the friendship of Mizner and Bronson-Howard. It was produced in New York on August 2, 1909. The *Dramatic News* called it "the most daring play since 'The Narrow Path' went to smash after a single performance." "The Only Law" was ahead of its time in several ways. Its nearest approach to a hero was a gigolo who failed to live up to gigolo standards. Virtue was not only not triumphant but not even favorably mentioned; and, on

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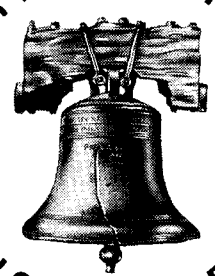


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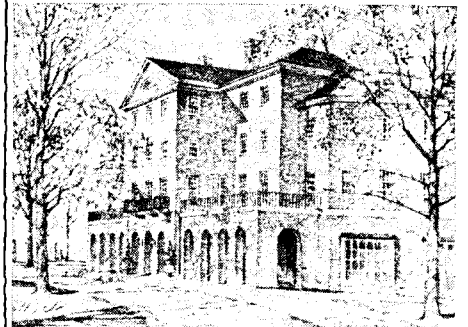
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top of all that, a successful Wall Street man, instead of being the villain, as required by all the canons of art, was the sole respectable character in the play. "The Only Law" was ahead of its time in another respect. Mizner wrote entirely by ear, and, in spite of an overdeveloped taste for wisecracks, he anticipated Ring Lardner and John O'Hara in his fidelity to spoken English and his disdain for book English. His press agent said that "all Broadway is talking the new language;" the fact was, however, that Broadway needed reëducation to understand Mizner. The *Morning Telegraph* said that the dialogue was "slang of the richest and rarest type;" the *Dramatic Mirror* said it was unintelligible to the ordinary man. The title came from the line "Being on the square with a pal is the only law we know," which was uttered by the heroine when she began to suspect that her gigolo had feet of clay. Conservative critics were dissatisfied with the moral, which was that a bad girl, if she plays her cards right, can marry a model boy from Wall Street. "The Only Law" closed after a few performances. It was originally billed as a play "By Wilson Mizner and George Bronson-Howard." Mizner claimed that every line in it was his and that his collaborator had merely typed it. Bronson-Howard later revived it in Chicago as "The Double-Cross," and advertised it as a play "By George Bronson-Howard and Wilson Mizner." Mizner, then in London, cabled Percy Hammond, who was reviewing it in Chicago, "The position of my name was stolen outright by George Bronson-Howard. Please say so." Hammond reported that, except for some vivid phrases, the play was "awful offal" and that it mattered little who got the lion's share of the glory.

Bronson-Howard now sat down to his fire-eating typewriter and did a novelette on Mizner entitled "The Parasite." It was a brilliant bit of grudge literature, but in some respects it was the testimony of a reluctant witness in Mizner's favor. It used to be considered obligatory for a novelist to explain any odd character by giving him an odd heredity, and Mizner was explained rather handsomely as the illegitimate descendant of "a Rabelaisian-Villonesque poet." He was presented as a confidential adviser and Dutch uncle to "the field mice," Bronson-Howard's name for the minor characters of Times Square. In general, however, Mizner was pictured as a bad egg and, still worse, a bad dresser. Jimmy Johnston, the prize-fight manager, said that Bronson-How-

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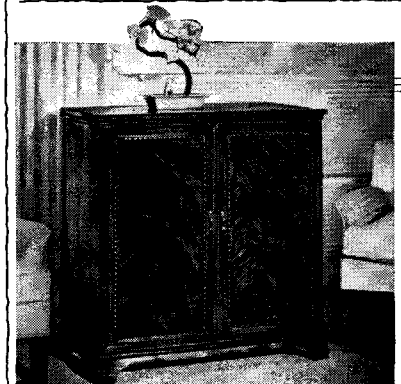
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ard was amazed to find that a coolness had sprung up between him and his old pal merely because he had written that Mizner had cheated his mother and been tarred and feathered in a Western community. Johnston had lunch at the Claridge with Mizner a short time after "The Parasite" was published, and Bronson-Howard came in. His face lighted up at the sight of Mizner and he hurried toward him with outstretched hand. Describing the incident long afterward, Johnston said that, despite his forty years in and around the prizing, he was still able to blush at the memory of the language Mizner used on that occasion. Bronson-Howard walked away slowly, shaking his head from side to side, hopelessly mystified by Mizner's attitude.

—ALVA JOHNSTON

Note: The foregoing article supplements a series that appeared in this magazine some years ago. Our pride in publishing it is overshadowed by our sadness, for it was among Alva Johnston's last writings.

When Mr. Johnston died last month, the papers said that he was a great reporter. This is entirely true, but it is only half the story, and Mr. Johnston himself was never satisfied with half of any story. Besides being a fine reporter (and a notably hard-working one), he was a humorist—or so it seemed to us. When *The New Yorker* in its earliest days was trying to establish the Profile as a new journalistic form, it was Alva Johnston more than anyone else who set the pace, clarified the idea, and produced the pieces. He gathered and assembled facts in such a way as to give a fresh, candid, gay, and occasionally satirical picture of an individual. He had the gift of the unexpected phrase, and he had the enormous drive of the conscientious and insatiable police reporter. He even learned shorthand (a skill few reporters acquire) in his zeal to get down the elusive fact. His contribution to this magazine was, as its faithful readers are well aware, very important.

In addition to the above piece and one that will appear in next week's issue, Mr. Johnston left a series of pieces on Addison Mizner, which he had just completed when he was stricken; we plan to publish it in the coming year. A great reporter he was, and a witty man, and a lovable one, and we are grateful for a companionship that went back twenty-five years and many hundred thousands of words, all of them arrived at with that strange mixture of pleasure and pain that marks the first-rate writer.

—THE EDITORS



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A REVUE AND A ROMP

ABOUT half the nineteen numbers that make up the revue called "Bless You All," at the Mark Hellinger, are either handsome or witty, and this is probably enough to guarantee you a reasonably pleasant evening in the theatre, even though the rest of the program might easily strike a thoughtful man as very tiresome indeed. As usual when confronted with a lot of strong and rampant talent, I found it rather hard to decide what I liked best. There was a strange scene, in which Mary McCarty, while singing a song entitled "Little Things Meant So Much to Me," bricked her spouse up in a wall, that struck me as remarkably funny in its own demented way. There was a tribute to the Southern novelists, again involving Miss McCarty, that suffered from the handicap of being called "Southern Fried Chekhov" but was a neat piece of work all the same. There was a treatise about those miraculous cures for the common cold that pro-

vided Jules Munshin with an opportunity to show that, given the proper material, he is one of the most adept comedians in the business. There was "The Desert Flame," in which Valerie Bettis parodied everything from the cinema to the ballet, and though this piece, like almost everything else on the agenda, was far too long for its own good, her fierce and unique gift for kidding the arts remained intact and incomparable. There were, finally, two songs by Pearl Bailey which had very little to recommend them in the way of music or lyrics but in which she was still one of the delights of my life. The riddle of Miss Bailey's personality is beyond me, and I have no intention of grappling with it here.

The dull or simply bad parts of "Bless You All" are probably inevitable in this special form of entertainment. Mr. Munshin is featured in an item about amateur painters that may have seemed like a good idea to Arnold Auerbach,

who is credited with the sketches, but that turns out to be only dull and interminable. Byron Palmer sings something called "Love Letter to Manhattan" that Harold Rome undoubtedly thought was a good song, but he was sadly mistaken, too. Miss McCarty, whose judgment up to now I had considered almost infallible, permits herself to be associated with a Parent-Teachers' sequel to "Peter Pan" that is an unqualified disaster from its unhappy beginning to its belated end. "Summer Dresses," again presenting the aforementioned Mr. Palmer, could give rise to a fairly interesting suit on the part of the man who once wrote a story named "The Girls in Their Summer Dresses;" he should be able to collect substantial damages, not for plagiarism but for simple vulgarity. And "TV Over the White House" has that indefinable note of desperation that so often turns up when a sketch writer mysteriously feels impelled to go on long after he has made his point.

These are the essential facts about "Bless You All," except that Helen Tamiris handled the choreography and, with the assistance of Miss Bettis, has got some fine and startling effects; that Miles White designed the costumes, which are generally admirable; and that John C. Wilson is the director and proves in many cases to be the most accomplished humorist on the premises.

IN "Let's Make an Opera," which closed after five performances at the John Golden, the audience was asked to participate in the festivities to the extent of joining in a species of community singing. The lyrics that they were expected to render went, in part, as follows:

The Owl, wide winging through the sky, in search of mice and lesser fry, repeats his long, unhappy cry—To-who! To-who! To-who!

And:

The turtledove begins to stir, removes the leaves that shelter her, and answers with melodious purr—Prrr-ooo! Prrr-ooo! Prrr-ooo!

I will not comment on the melody, which





What makes a newspaper great?



It started strictly as a rib. This kid calls Mary Harrington at our newsroom switchboard on the afternoon before Christmas and calmly announces he wants to talk to Santa Claus in person. No substitutes, see?

Mary stalled him on the line while she looked us over for a likely victim. The choice was a pip... Frank Murray, a Star reporter who has no children and looks about as much like St. Nick as Jimmy Durante does.

Frank had misgivings, but he played up nobly. He got the juicy voice down pat, and the old ho-ho-

ha-ha routine... all helped considerably by a handkerchief held over his mouth to simulate a long-distance North Pole effect.

The kid had misgivings, too, at first. He made things hot for Frank with shrewd queries about reindeer, gnomes, elves and weather conditions at the Pole before he finally got convinced and gave Frank his Christmas order.

Stranger things happen on newspapers every day, so we promptly forgot about Frank and the kid until a week or so later, when we found this note in our Minneapolis Star Letters to the Editor column:

Dear Sir:

My son Denny, 5½, was in bed with the flu the entire week before Christmas, so we couldn't take him to find a Santa. Christmas eve he began to worry because he "hadn't seen Santa" and told him what he wanted. At the last minute I decided to try to call Santa. On impulse I dialed Atlantic 3111 (the Minneapolis Star

and Tribune number). The switchboard operator was wonderful... and whoever answered the phone and talked to a little boy gave him a really exciting Christmas. This note is to thank him and to tell him how much nicer he made our Christmas. I'm sure Denny will never forget the phone call!

MRS. ROY L. LARSON.

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was the work of Benjamin Britten and, of course, approximated the sounds made by various birds. I had nothing against it beyond this basic fact.

The great question, naturally, was whether any considerable number of people were going to lend themselves to this sort of mass facetiousness, and, as it happened, they weren't, largely on the ground, I suspect, that the only men and women who can be persuaded to imitate birds in public are either drunk or such determined comedians in their own right that it would hardly be safe to let them in a theatre, where, after all, amateur competition is not encouraged.

The remainder of the gaiety contrived by Mr. Britten, Eric Crozier, and Marc Blitzstein had to do, as the title suggests, with the conception and birth of a musical work—specifically, an opera for children. I can't imagine that any sensible purpose would be accomplished by going into this project, so I won't. The cast included Norman Del Mar, Rosalind Nadell, Randolph Symonette, Arlyne Frank, Jo Sullivan, Rawn Spearman, and quite a few children. They betrayed little or no embarrassment.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

TO MY FRIENDS

Tears in the eyes of the surgeon
Would be exceedingly bad,
For he must regard me as coldly
As if he were boning a shad.

A cluck of compassionate feeling
From the analyst hearing his fill
Would cause me to weep for my childhood
More luxuriously still.

That the cruel way is often the kinder
Is the only intelligent view;
Which is why I have got to keep being
So damned objective with you.

—PETER DE VRIES

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OF ALL THINGS

THE President's proclamation of a state of emergency seems to have been received by one and all with a measure of relief. Now we know where we are, even though we heartily wish we weren't there.

The Red Chinese delegates to the United Nations had a strange story to tell, but they stuck to it. Ain't nobody in Korea but us volunteers.

Secretary Acheson has gone to Brussels to attend to the crucially important job of organizing the rearmament of free Europe. As a bon-voyage gift, Congressional Republicans presented him with a handsome big handi-cap.

One definite decision has been made regarding the possible use of the atomic bomb. Despite rumors, this vital responsibility will not be intrusted to the draft board of Wolf Point, Montana.

As is customary in times of world crisis, people have begun picking on the British Empire. The Egyptians want the Suez Canal and Franco is itching to get his hands on the Rock of Gibraltar.

The United Nations Statistical Office estimates the average annual income in the U.S.S.R. at only about three hundred dollars. It is evident that the Russian worker still takes most of his pay in glory.

The many admirers of Mrs. Anna M. Rosenberg are happy to hear that she has been cleared of charges of having had Communist-front connections. Some doubts had been expressed by Representative Rankin, Senator McCarthy, Fulton Lewis, Jr., Gerald L. K. Smith, and other such doubtful people.

Mayor Impellitteri is beginning to make some progress in his fight with Tammany Hall. When a man bites a tiger, that is news.

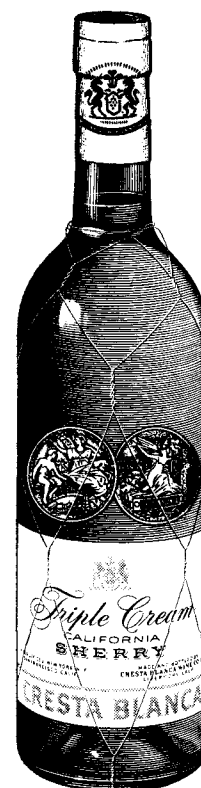
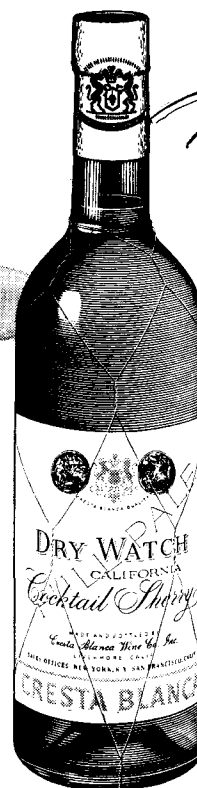
—HOWARD BRUBAKER

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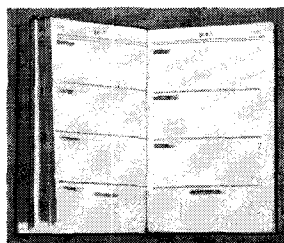
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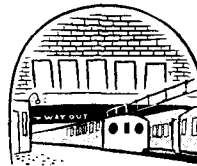
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LETTER FROM LONDON

DECEMBER 13

TO the Londoner stopping at the corner to buy his pennyworth of anxious headlines, Korea has suddenly made Europe seem as small as a suburban lawn that can be crossed in a single, annihilating stride. This must rank as encouraging news. At any rate, many worried people who have been casting around for something hopeful to hang on to while waiting for Mr. Attlee to report on the Washington talks (which the press followed approvingly, with a minimum of comment on the awkward split in American and British



thinking over recognition of the Peiping government) appear to have considered it such. From indications in the past week or so, it looks as though the Western European nations will decide, after all, to marry in haste, so far as defense is concerned, to prevent themselves from repenting at leisure, maybe behind an occupying power's barbed wire. Though the crisis has not produced united Western Europeans overnight, it is certain that the Korean situation has done more toward making this country and its neighbors feel dependent on each other than anything else that has happened in these past months of plans and counterplans, which, for all the ordinary, fed-up citizen can tell, have achieved nothing much besides fine defensive bulwarks of paper. The British were startled but pleased to hear Signor Saragat, the Italian Socialist leader, say that Mr. Attlee would be going to Washington as "the representative of all democratic Europe," being aware that a good part of democratic Europe has lately been viewing Britain not with hope as a champion but with bitterness as a crabby and aloof Socialist wallflower.

The new British and French accord has also been remarkable, though the present brighter prospects of ending the deadlock on German rearmament (barring the fairly important objections of the Germans themselves to being armed by anyone) have been received by the extreme Left Wingers, who are eternally fearful of jeopardizing Britain's hard-won Socialist independence, as gloomy proof that the French have had to toe the American line after all, as the British were forced to do at the meeting of North Atlantic Defense Ministers in Washington. What with one thing and another, this looks like a fine psychological moment for the long-

awaited appointment of General Eisenhower to head the military forces of the North Atlantic Alliance.

Londoners have taken the dispiriting news of the last fortnight calmly enough, though their calm was momentarily shaken by the first reports of President Truman's statement on the atomic bomb. This had an immediate, sharp, and unfavorable reaction, and the trouble was not entirely cleared up by the subsequent, modified version of what the President had really said. To judge by all the perturbed talk going around, Attlee will be strongly pressed in Parlia-

ment this week to do a little plain speaking on the subject. The House of Commons, under the strain of recent events, has been exhibiting notable love and tolerance. The Conservatives refrained from tearing into the Government for not making the unorthodox but popular (to a quite surprising majority of the public) gesture of inviting Mr. Churchill to go along to Washington, too—maybe not so much as the leader of His Majesty's Opposition but as the living, larger-than-life embodiment of the British people's opposition to appeasement, whether called by that name or any other. Although the hardily wise remarks about General MacArthur that Mr. Shinwell, the Minister of Defense (who seems to be keeping up the new and unhappy Cabinet tradition of being chatty at the wrong moments), delivered in public were the sort of thing that might have made a Tory holiday, the Conservatives prudently held their fire, and Mr. Shinwell's later statement on Korea, given to a packed and anxious House, was a positive model of sober caution.

All this brotherly amity may crack somewhat now that Mr. Attlee is back. Much of what he will have to ask the country to shoulder is controversial enough to disturb his own supporters, already sufficiently disturbed by the significant drop in the Labour voting in recent by-elections. There is pretty certain to be political fractiousness over some of the measures that events have made necessary. Among the sombre possibilities that are looming and that are chilling Labour hearts are more shortages, resulting unemployment, and (an undeniable probability) heavier taxation in the April budget, which most likely will also have to include whacking cuts in civil spending. Already there have been cries of alarm from the industrial

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Midlands, where workers are frightened by the threat of factories' having to close down because of the shortage of raw materials, principally metals. Housewives have just been warned by some of the press to kiss a long farewell to new cooking pots, buckets, and the like. Although controls are something that Britons had fervently hoped were being put on the bonfire for good, it seems sure that many of them will have to be raked out and put to work again—not entirely to the displeasure of the Government, according to some Conservative grumblers.

Even if the military situation does not worsen and this side of the world gets a further breathing space, the political outlook here is not one that any government would envy, but unless there is an unforeseen major shakeup, it is not expected to include a general election at any foreseeable date. Any dangerous rocking of the boat would, it is thought, more likely come from the Government's own benches than from the Opposition's—at least while the weather outside looks so dirty. There are continuous rumors of a serious split in the Cabinet itself, and people keep on talking about a coalition they think Mr. Attlee would try to form if the split should show aboveground. Such chat is inevitably followed by blasts of derision from the Labour ranks, and it seems unlikely that, short of a world war—which is just where the British still believe things can be halted—any coalition will come about. All the same, numbers of ordinary people continue to say that having Churchill as Minister of Defense and Eden as Foreign Secretary (in the recent debates, Eden's speeches, not Bevin's, have seemed to be outstanding in shaping foreign policy) would make them feel more confident. The Beaverbrook press and a section of the Labour Party have apparently achieved a temporary and surprising wedding of minds in their conviction that Mr. Bevin is too tired a man for the exhausting trials ahead.

AS a far from pleasant local anxiety to add to the general uneasiness, many people have a strong suspicion that this country is heading toward a fuel crisis as bad as, and maybe worse than, the one that iced up the wheels in 1947. The Ministry of Fuel and Power not long ago caused a severe national shock by announcing that coal would have to be imported, mostly from the United States, to bring stocks up to the safety level and to prevent Britain's

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slipping on her foreign orders. This ominous statement, which most citizens promptly interpreted as a plain hint that their own coal buckets would soon be nearly empty, was followed up by the Government's suddenly stopping the export of coke, a fuel that is not rationed and that immediately seemed to have been spirited off the market. With dramatic timing, the first arctic spell of the winter set in, electric-power cuts were made throughout the country, and weather prophets began shaking their heads and predicting that 1950, a dismally special year in many ways, would turn up with a winter to match the freak freeze-up of three years ago. This crisis is partly a sort of backhanded consequence of the good news of full employment—Britain's export drive, plus the new rearmament boom—but it also seems to be partly the result of the miners' old, apparently unsolved dissatisfaction with a dirty, dangerous, often badly housed job when there are plenty of better ones around. Production figures have perked up lately, and there was a fairly encouraging response to the appeal for Saturday workers in the pits, but until the miners' problems are somehow settled, Britons feel that the outlook is likely to remain serious.

ON the surface, London seems to be getting on with its preparations for Christmas as though it were worrying about nothing. The usual pantomimes and other local delights of the season are moving in. London's most civilized Christmas present to itself is the show of Holbeins and other sixteenth- and seventeenth-century Masters just opened at the Royal Academy, where it is pinch-hitting for the promised collection of German art that the Germans, as it turned out, felt reluctant to let out of their sight right now. The present exhibition includes a roomful of Holbein drawings of shrewd and wonderful Tudor faces, and, among the magnificent portraits, the famous family group showing Sir Thomas More relaxing with his son and handsome daughters, his pets, and a musical instrument or two. Londoners at this troubled moment evidently find it relaxing to look at them.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

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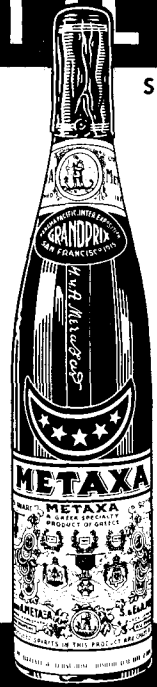
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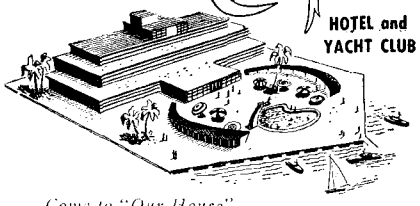
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THE BANK ACROSS THE STREET

WHEN, on the Friday before Christmas, Allardyce Meecham, a former war correspondent, entered the Chicagoland National Bank with his twelve-year-old daughter, Brenda, he felt slightly but, he assured himself, needlessly embarrassed. He had been there only once before, on the previous Monday. At the time he had opened an account by depositing a check for three hundred dollars that the editor of *Tussle*, a Magazine for Tall Girls, had sent him for a piece called "China—How About It?" *Tussle* had a fixed policy of running in each issue one article about something important a tall girl could talk to an older man about. (The featured serial, "The Bigger They Are," was in a rather different vein, however.)

When Meecham deposited the check, he had acted on the notion that it would be wise to have a small hoard in Chicago. His daughter lived there with her mother, the first Mrs. Meecham, and several times a year Meecham made the trip from New York to exercise what the court called his "rights of visitation." He had intended to put the money out of mind and rediscover it as a pleasant surprise on his next visit. But he now found he would need most of the deposit to get through the holiday weekend, and he wondered whether the bank would make a fuss about letting him draw any out if *Tussle's* check, on a New York bank, had not yet cleared.

He looked about the unfamiliar place for the face of the vice-president in charge of new accounts who had welcomed him cordially only four days before. He might have need of the vice-president if a teller proved stuffy, Meecham thought. But he couldn't identify the vice-president's rosy, vocationally amiable face over any of the desks beyond the walnut rail.

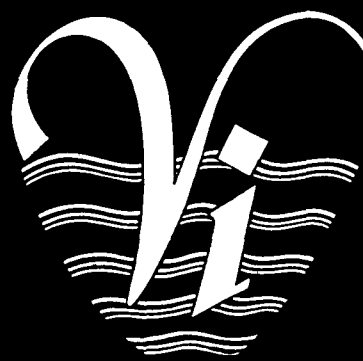
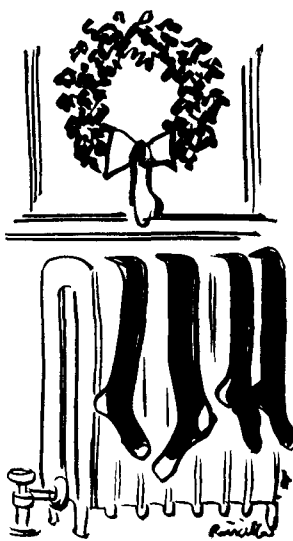
Brenda, unconscious of her father's difficulty, looked around the room with honest rapture. There was a Christmas tree that reached the high ceiling, decorated with the kind of electric ornaments that appear to have flowing liquid in them, and every teller's cage had a holly wreath on it. The place was filled with people, mostly men—whom Brenda preferred to women—writing

slips, queuing up in front of windows, and walking away counting money or stuffing it in their pockets. It seemed a most generous room, full of Christmas spirit. Brenda was tall for her age, faintly freckled, and what the girls at her school called dirty blond, a descriptive term without opprobrium. Her face was wide at the cheekbones, and she had a turned-up nose and a big, cheerful mouth. A uniformed guard smiled at her, and she smiled back.

MEECHAM was finding it hard to maintain his wartime living standards by writing and lecturing. Editors had thought him too old for a Korean assignment, perhaps suspecting that all he wanted was a few days there so that he could come home and lecture. There was no longer any demand for what had been his most popular between-tours-of-duty talk in 1944, "Stalingrad: Turning Point of the War," and his featured 1946 offering, "Tito: Tyrant Tool of Stalin," was in continual need of revision; in its latest form, entitled "Tito and Franco: Hopes for Europe's Future?" it had proved less of a draw. A question mark, he had discovered, was a handy thing to have in a lecture title, but even that didn't always save the property. For example, his 1947-48

vehicle, "Republican Foreign Policy: What Will It Be? The Possibilities Under Taft, Dewey, Stassen, Vandenberg," had gone over well in places like Bronxville and Evanston, but the subject had suddenly become obsolete. A talk along similar lines would be good early in 1952, but it would have to be an almost total rewrite job. Articles were safer from this form of depreciation, but they had to be written one by one, while a good lecture could last a lucky fellow for years.

Meecham's name still meant something, fortunately; it appeared in Leonard Lyons' column now and then and sometimes in anthologies compiled by the Forefronters, an association of journalists who had spent at least forty-eight hours in a foreign country and gave two-dollar-a-plate luncheons to which they invited Names in the News. Consequently, he sold more pieces than he wanted to write, but never for enough



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money to make life even momentarily serene.

Brenda, accustomed to hear her mother speak of Meecham as a richer man than he had ever admitted that he was to her lawyers, was happy as a peri accompanying a benevolent djinn to his treasure cave for a handout.

"Where do I get a counter check?" Meecham asked the guard who had smiled at Brenda.

"Counter check?" the man echoed, as if he had never heard the term.

"I want to withdraw some money," Meecham explained.

"Oh, a withdrawal slip—over there," the guard said. Every bank, Meecham reflected, had its own slightly variant vernacular. The guard waved toward one of the glass-topped tables with pads of slips on them. In Meecham's New York bank, the guard went to a teller's window and got you a form when you wanted cash, and the thing was called a counter check. Meecham thought that the Chicago guard, noting his unfamiliarity with the house language, regarded him with suspicion. He walked over to the table, selected an appropriate blank, and filled it out—"I acknowledge the receipt of two hundred dollars"—feeling all the while that he was being watched. Brenda, at his elbow, smiled approval of his unlimited financial power. She was wearing a gray hat that tied under her chin, a bottle-green winter coat, and white socks.

Meecham was a tall man, long-legged but, of late, paunchy, with rusty hair that was turning gray and a broad face that resembled Brenda's enough to indicate their relationship when they were seen together. His dress was what *Time* would call tweedy, and the way he felt about the *Tussle* check was invisible. There was nothing in Meecham's appearance to distinguish him from a textbook publisher living in Winnetka or a paint manufacturer from Wilmette. Lines of cheerful Chicagoans led to all the tellers' cages; he stationed himself at the end of one, Brenda at his side.

He was by now prepared to be annoyed if the teller interrogated him. The check had been quite good, he assured himself. It should have had time to clear. This was a poor way to treat a new depositor, he would tell the fellow if he said the check hadn't cleared yet. He would say that he would have had the check endorsed by a Chicago friend and have cashed it immediately if he had anticipated this sort of treatment. He had not done that, he reminded himself with a small form of despair, because he had meant to leave the money in Chi-



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cago; he wondered how long a man could live talking big but always within a couple of hundred dollars of having to make a touch.

Now he was third from the window and had a good view of the teller's face. The line had moved along briskly; the men and women in it were not messengers come to get money for payrolls that had to be filled out in bills of a dozen denominations and rolls of coins, or tradesmen with money to be counted and bankbooks to enter the totals in. They were people calling in for cash to spend over the holiday. The teller, a bald man with a long nose and metal-rimmed spectacles, apparently knew everybody; he asked no questions. The serge jacket he wore was as shiny as a railroad conductor's uniform, but it gave him pleasure to hand out other people's bank notes. As Meecham got to the window, the teller smiled at Brenda, who grinned at him.

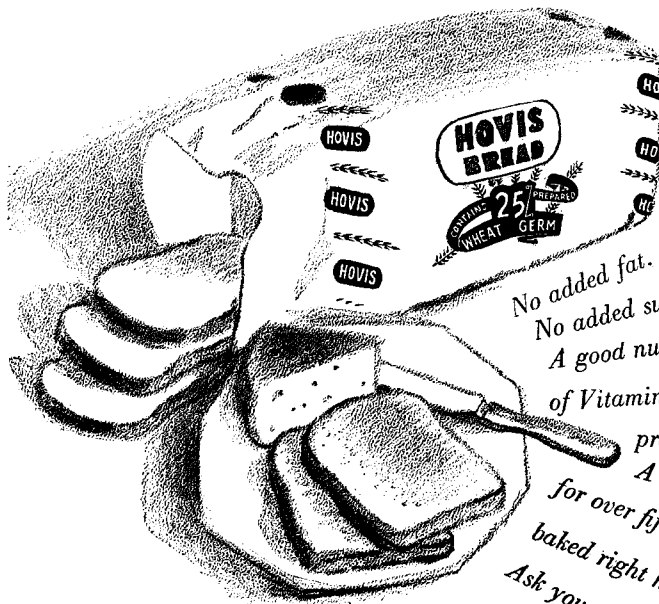
Meecham shoved the slip under the grille. The teller asked, "How do you want it?" Meecham said, "Ten fives, please, and fifteen tens." The teller smiled again and asked, "New bills, sir?" Meecham started to say "It doesn't make any difference," and then suddenly changed to "New bills—yes—yes, of course." He understood with flattered astonishment that the man thought he wanted the money to give away for Christmas tips. Taking the starched notes the teller handed out, he turned away from the window, pleased to think he looked like a man who had two hundred dollars' worth of doormen and elevator operators to remember. Pushing the bills into a trouser pocket without counting them—it would never do to give the impression he cared about small sums—he walked toward the street door, Brenda striding beside him, proud of his wealth. It wasn't until they had got several paces from the cage that he remembered that the man hadn't even asked him if he had an account in the bank.

MEECHAM stopped walking. "Holy smoke, honey!" he said to Brenda, "We sure must look honest!"

"Of course we do, Daddy," she said to him, without surprise. "We are, aren't we?"

"You bet," said Meecham. "But that man had no way of knowing whether we were or not. He never saw me before in his life."

They walked out onto Michigan Avenue, and Meecham noticed that directly across the street there was a bank almost precisely like the one they had



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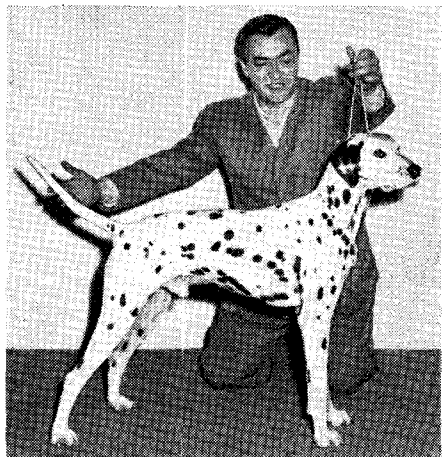
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just left. A clock over its front door said ten minutes to two. Two would be the close of the banking day.

"Come on across the street, honey," Meecham suddenly said. "I want to get some of my money out of that bank, too."

As they started to cross the avenue, Meecham felt a frightened exaltation that he hadn't experienced since the war.

The traffic light, to which Meecham had been paying no attention, changed as they stepped off the curb, and Meecham and Brenda were happy to make the safety island in the middle of the street in a couple of skipping leaps. On the thin plateau of pavement, while the automobiles rushed by, he had another sensation that he associated with the war—a realization that he did not have to go forward, since nobody would see him turn back, or, seeing him, know why. As in the war, he was under no orders. When the light turned green again, Meecham and Brenda continued, but Meecham already knew that he wouldn't walk into the strange bank. He wondered what to say to Brenda to explain his change of mind.

—A. J. LIEBLING

CHRISTMAS SCENE, DUBLIN

The man with the accordion
Was Father Christmas. Anyone
Would know him by the scarlet dress,
The whiskers, and the portliness.
He looked a proper saint and merry,
Except for the extraordinary
Instrument on which he played
While children listened undismayed
As to a solemn music, sweet
At Christmas, on a Dublin street—

Befitting to the time of year.
In dazzlement they stood to hear
The bursting melody, the one
Air for the accordion
In Father Christmas' repertory.
And as he played it, *con amore*,
His face a mirror of each face
Of small ones of the populace,
He warbled, like a fat canary,
"It's a Long Way to Tipperary."

—HELEN BEVINGTON

The Air Force plane headed here from Little Rock, Ark., was making an instrument approach in a heavy overcoat when the pilot radioed from over Millville that he had engine trouble.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

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"HARVEY," the celebrated comedy about a mystical drunk and an invisible rabbit, has been made into a movie that only a case-hardened wowser would fail to find beguiling. Even if you saw the play, I don't think your familiarity with the alcoholic hallucinations of Elwood P. Dowd, the hero, will diminish your enjoyment of the film, and though James Stewart, who plays Dowd in the picture, doesn't bring to his part all the battered authority of Frank Fay, the originator of the role, he nevertheless succeeds in making plausible the notion that Harvey, the rabbit, would accept him as a pal. There isn't much sense, at this late date, in trying to explain the odd charm of a piece like "Harvey." Probably it's the appeal of its central argument—that a man who has as his constant companion an invisible rabbit standing six feet four is better off than most people—and its implication that things would be improved immeasurably if everyone stayed slightly blurred. It is Mr. Stewart's good fortune to have Josephine Hull playing opposite him. As Elwood's harried sister, who is not helped emotionally by being locked up in the rest home she has chosen as a residence for her brother, Mrs. Hull is just as hilarious as she was in the same role on the stage. The others who participate in "Harvey" are excellent, one and all. They include Peggy Dow, Cecil Kellaway, Victoria Horne, William Lynn, Jesse White, and Wallace Ford.

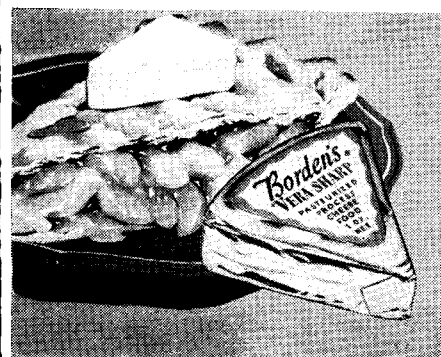
"BORN YESTERDAY," another fine stage comedy of a few years back, has also found its way to the screen, and, owing to the fact that the producers, in a staggering display of daring, have permitted Judy Holliday, who isn't well known on the popcorn circuit, to play a role she made famous on Broadway, the picture is most satisfactory. As the doxy of a Cro-Magnon junk dealer who has taken up elegant quarters in Washington preparatory to forming a scrap-iron cartel, Miss Holliday tosses some very funny lines around, in a voice that ranges from a plaintive squeak to a delirious scream, and waggles about with

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commendable elasticity. In describing how Miss Holliday is placed in the hands of a tutor to shine her up for Washington high life, so that she'll know something more than the sequences of the comic strips, the picture sticks close to the Garson Kanin original, and while there's a bit too much wandering among the museums and government buildings in Washington during the period when Miss Holliday is supposed to be getting hep to democracy, the patriotic hoopla isn't laid on with quite as heavy a trowel as you might expect. In the role of the junk dealer whom Miss Holliday learns to loathe because he is a Fascist, Broderick Crawford is appropriately tough, cruel, greedy, and self-centered, but even so he manages on occasion to be broadly comic. Against these two formidable principals, William Holden, as the tutor, has quite a time trying to stay in focus, and it's to his credit that the junkman and his lass, even when in full cry, never blast him off the screen entirely.

"FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE" is an egregious little confection that recounts how a couple of angels (Clifton Webb and Edmund Gwenn) come down to earth to persuade a couple of theatrical people to procreate. This is done so an unborn child—ambling around in a kind of never-never land—can get on solid ground and know all the pleasures real little boys and girls enjoy. Sickening enough? For the record, Joan Bennett, Robert Cummings, and Gigi Perreau share the horrors of this with Mr. Webb and Mr. Gwenn.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

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DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

NEW YORK CITY,
DECEMBER 12, 1950

To the Editors, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRs:

IN a recent issue of your magazine, I read Mr. Preston Schoyer's account of the sad fate of the dogs of Changteh, China, who were banished because the inhabitants were afraid their barking would betray the city to magical listening machines that they believed were carried in Japanese bombers.

The same curious notion about the presence, somewhere in the distance, of a mechanical monster that listened to every sound and was prepared to dispatch a fleet of bombers to destroy any community careless enough to make a provocative noise was also common during the war in remote districts of Japan, or so a kamikaze pilot told me. The pilot's name was Norio Okamoto. I had dinner with him and his parents at their home in Fujisawa, a suburb of Tokyo, shortly after the end of the war. I was a soldier, and I was very anxious to meet a kamikaze and see what kind of man it was who would volunteer to smash himself and his airplane into the side of an American ship, and to hear about the week-long orgy that was supposed to precede this immolation. The Japanese radio had, for some obscure Oriental reason, spread the story that kamikaze pilots, just before they flew to their deaths, were given a furlough and plied with fine foods, fine wines, and unusually patriotic girls. The details of these furloughs had been the subject of envious speculation among our troops. A Japanese radio announcer I met on my arrival in Tokyo had arranged for me to meet Okamoto.

The pilot, who at first suspected that I was a Secret Service man tracking down former kamikazes, loosened up under the influence of several bowls of warm *sake* laced with Scotch and told me about his career as a flier. He spoke excellent English. When the American invasion fleet appeared off Okinawa, he said, he was assigned to dive into an American transport. He took off with no more ceremony than a parting drink with his commanding officer (I was disappointed to learn that there had been no final binge to ease him on his way, and so was he when I told him what I had expected to hear) and flew toward Okinawa. About halfway there, something went wrong with his plane. "The propeller ceased to turn" is the



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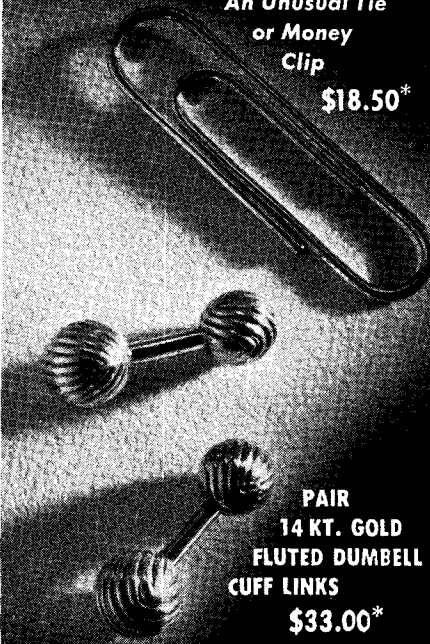
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way he put it. He managed a crash landing, spent some seventeen hours in the water, and was washed up at dusk on the tiny island of Suwa Se. It has a population of about sixty, and all the men are fishermen. One of the first questions they asked Okamoto was about the devilish mechanical ears they had heard of. Okamoto told me that instead of simply denying the story, as he later felt he should have, he tried to explain radar. That was a mistake, because all he managed to do was convince the natives that the menace was even worse than they had imagined. The next morning, when their roosters began crowing, the islanders, fearful now of any sound, rushed from their huts and decapitated them. "We had a feast of chicken, but it was all very sad," Okamoto said. "I couldn't make them understand. They had decided that the chickens not only were pinpointing the community for you Americans but were actually talking to your airplanes."

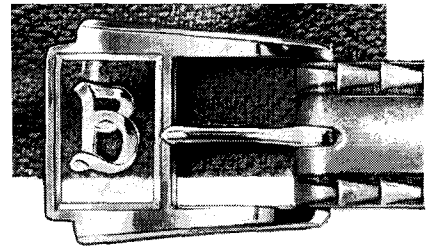
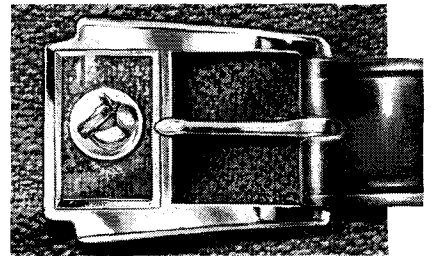
Two days later, the owner of the only cow on the island killed it. Okamoto protested. The owner said he had been noticing traitorous tendencies in the cow for some time, and that since there were now no roosters to report to the enemy, the cow had been trying to substitute for them. She had never mooed so loudly or persistently before, the man said. Okamoto told him that he could understand how chickens might be suspected of communicating with other winged objects but he didn't see how a cow could, or would, talk to an airplane; there was no relationship at all, no spiritual kinship. The owner of the cow had a ready explanation. Of course the cow had had nothing to do with airplanes. But she was a creature who gave milk, and milk is a fluid; the cow obviously had had some rapport with enemy submarines, which, as everyone knew, were lurking off Suwa Se, listening. "We had steak for several days, but the cow was a poor one, and it was very tough," Okamoto said.

Sincerely yours,
ROBERT MACMILLAN

Many women in the audience were engaged, upon leaving the hall, in spirited guesses about Miss Skinner's age. The current "Who's Who in America" gives May 30, 1901, as her birthdate. And if that date leaves the skeptical in a doubting mood, the same birth date is given for Miss Skinner in "Who's Who" in 1826, when she was only four years out of Bryn Mawr College.—*Morgantown (W. Va.) Post.*

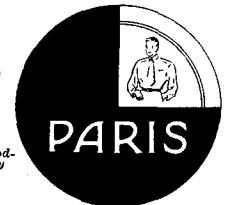
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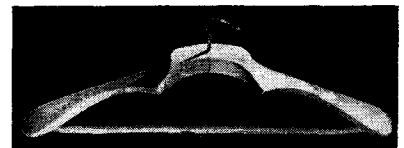


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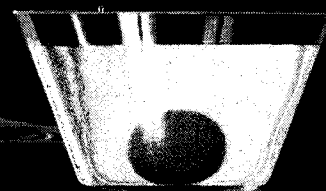
ODD, supernatural forces are at work these nights on television, and almost every time I light up my magic screen I run smack into the occult. The tension of the times is doubtless a factor in the current emphasis on wee spirits, crones with high-frequency extrasensory perception, equally gifted men whose eyes are hollow sockets, and other fakirs, but I suppose that even in a less troubled period the people now in charge of television would offer us much the same sort of programs. As an example of what I have been seeing, let us examine a recent edition of "Lights Out," a formidable half-hour excursion into spookland conducted every Monday night at nine o'clock over N.B.C. "Lights Out" gets under way each week with a few introductory remarks by a tortured-looking man who speaks in faraway tones and who is seated beside a lighted candle. The flickering candle casts ominous shadows across his face. He usually informs us that there is more to life than meets the eye. He then extinguishes the candle, an electric organ that has been making weird background noises emits a windy shriek, and the playlet begins. The other night, the playlet was titled "Masque," and it concerned a hideous, hunchbacked man who hangs around nights outside a coffeepot, gaping through the window at a pretty counter girl. An old lady whose clothes look as though they might have been tailored by the firm that outfitted the Madwoman of Chaillot happens by and offers to help the young man meet the girl. He shows her his face—a dreadful spectacle—and starts to turn away. "Don't turn away from me, boy," she says. "I've seen worse." She tells him that the face of his soul is what really matters, and suggests that he come to her shop, where she has a method, or a series of methods, by means of which the face of his soul can be substituted for the face he has at the moment. As a result of this alchemy, she assures him, he will be able to enter the coffeepot, order a cup of coffee, and ask the object of his heart's desire for a date. Once in the shop, a darkling spot, the old lady tells him that her name is Mme. Janus, and asks him to concentrate hard. "Con-con-trate!" she cries, and the background music rises to a new pitch of agonized sound. "Con-

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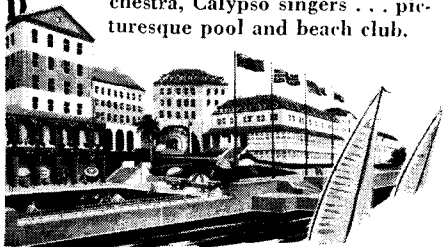
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centrate!" she cries again, and the young man, whose head has been in his hands, looks up, revealing as nice and clean-cut a young man as a counter girl could hope to meet. He has a fine, straight back, too. Mme. Janus suggests he hurry off to the coffeepot, and he departs. Mme. Janus then turns to a sculptured head of Janus, which is in her shop. "Beginnings and endings are important to us, eh, Janus?" she says solemnly. The young man goes to the shop, and the girl finds herself instantly attracted to him, since he resembles her late husband, who was killed in the war.

Following a brief pause, during which the merits of some television set or other were described in glowing terms, "Masque" resumed its inexorable march toward a climax. I find that I haven't the strength to relate the remainder of the story in detail. Suffice it to say that the transformed young man and the counter girl become engaged; that he almost immediately thereafter becomes enamored of a sleazy blond entertainer; that he drops the counter girl and decides to marry the blonde; and that, inevitably, his horrible old face suddenly returns, shocking the daylights out of the blonde. The next-to-last scene shows us the hideous, hunchbacked creature back at his old stand, gazing at the counter girl, who, warm and cozy inside, has found herself a beau with permanently pleasing features. The final scene, with organ accompaniment, brings us once again the man with the faraway voice and the candle. He opines, "Apparently, Mme. Janus failed to change that unchangeable something that's in all of us—that makes us what we are." I have a suspicion that the actors in "Masque" would prefer to forget the whole dismal episode, and I'll refrain from mentioning their names.

NOT long ago, "Studio One," on C.B.S., came along with its own special brand of mysticism, in a playlet called "Mary Lou." This one lasted an hour, and for the better part of the hour it struck me as being a routine and utterly earth-bound story of a poor little rich girl. Her mother, a member of the International Set, deserts her in a Paris hotel. Grandma takes the child, a petulant product, to live with her at Antibes, where Grandma's housekeeper tells the girl that back at the old family homestead in Albany there used to be a funny little old man with a beard who sometimes stood out on the lawn. The child, without referring to the funny little man, persuades Grandma to take her to Albany, and once



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there, finding no funny little man, she becomes progressively more intemperate and unruly. Somehow, in the poor child's mind, the funny little man has become a symbol of unfulfilled adult promises. Grandma finally wises up to what is ailing her granddaughter, gets in touch with a circus in Florida, and orders a midget flown up. Next evening, she tells her granddaughter that the funny little man is about to appear, and, with snow falling outside, she and the girl pray together for his arrival. Their prayers are answered, for, lo and behold, out on the lawn, in a blizzard, stands a brownie with a beard, wearing some sort of Santa Claus suit. The girl is enraptured, and adults in general are vindicated. Someone thereupon hands Grandma a telegram announcing that the circus midget has been killed in a motor accident en route to an airport. Grandma realizes, with tears in her eyes, that the brownie out on the lawn is merely the spirit of a brownie, and that he stands there as a symbol of the fruits of prayer. Well, that's "Mary Lou."

SOME of the real problems facing the world (and facing television, too) were clarified recently on the program called the "Johns Hopkins Science Review," devoted on this occasion to a clinical study of the therapeutic treatment for cerebral palsy. I venture to say that I had never before seen quite so candid and completely engrossing a television program as this one. We were shown a number of children afflicted with cerebral palsy in various stages of treatment—some just learning to walk, some just regaining the use of their hands, some being carefully and lovingly trained to utter sounds. This was a grim program, all right, but there was tremendous dignity to it, and a wonderful, hopeful sense of accomplishment. Of course, for every such program as the "Johns Hopkins Science Review" there are scores that center about dead brownies and occult hags, and it would seem that unless a certain number of television channels are rather quickly reserved for educational purposes, the brownies and hags will swamp us, to a man. In a free country, you cannot stop these peculiar creatures, but you can at least make certain that room is provided for something better.

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

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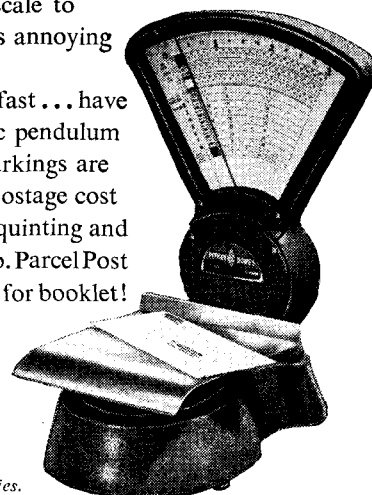
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CROSBY:

For once in his life the old Scene-Stealer is right. But seriously, folks, nothing makes a more welcome, more sensible present than U. S. Savings Bonds. And you can buy 'em in any bank or post office. So—

HOPE:

So why not give the very finest gift in America—U. S. Savings Bonds!

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Bon Voyage



SIR THOMAS BEECHAM and the members of his Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, winding up a two months' tour of this country, made their third visit to Carnegie Hall last Wednesday. (On

Friday, following an appearance in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, they sailed for home.) The first half of the concert consisted of assorted works and was magnificent; the second half was just as well played, but it was devoted entirely to the rarely heard "Te Deum" of Berlioz, and that grew a bit tiresome.

The chorus of the Schola Cantorum, a large body of red-robed men and women, was arranged in tiers behind the instrumentalists and assisted in both parts of the program, which opened with "Zadok, the Priest," a Handel anthem for chorus and orchestra. That was followed by the first local performance of a forty-six-year-old tone poem, "In the Fen Country," by Ralph Vaughan Williams, which turned out to be a completely charming piece of atmospheric music, derived from English folk sources. Next came the "Chasse Royale et Orage," from Berlioz' "Les Troyens à Carthage," in which the chorus again took part. This number, with its prancing, graceful measures, and its unalarming orchestral storm, was as delightful as watching, through a window, a formal garden bending to the wind and the rain. The first portion of the concert closed with a splendid, revealing reading of Wagner's overture to "The Flying Dutchman." Aside from the excellence of the orchestra, in response to Beecham's sure and affectionate leadership, this first half had a programmatic balance and interest that excited the packed hall to a long demonstration at its completion.

After the intermission, the "Te Deum" went on, and for this the boys of the St. Thomas choir were added to the chorus. According to the program notes, Berlioz stipulated that two of the eight numbers of the "Te Deum" (the third and the last) be played only on military occasions, and I was glad that Beecham, in compliance with this old directive, left them out. The six remaining ones are majestic in design but wearying, and too

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often verge on pomposity. I felt that No. 4, "Dignare," the simplest and quietest of the lot, was the most affecting. The sixth calls for a tenor solo, and Joseph Laderoute sang it sweetly and pleasantly. If anyone questions my apathy toward the composition, I can point out that it is hardly ever performed anywhere (the last New York hearing was in 1891), and that although it is nearly a hundred years old, it has never found favor even in France, where it was written for the Paris Exhibition of 1855.

I WANDERED over to the Metropolitan Opera House a week ago last Sunday night to see if anything encouraging would come of a United Nations concert celebrating the second anniversary of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights. It was a dress affair, with an invited audience consisting largely of delegations from the sixty member countries. Nasrollah Entezam, the current president of the General Assembly, addressed the audience briefly, in French, and introduced Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, who read a prepared speech. Also contributing to the non-musical part of the program were Judith Anderson and Charles Boyer, who read Mr. Entezam's favorite excerpts from the Universal Declaration, she in English and he in French. With such interruptions, however fitting, the concert itself moved along somewhat jerkily. Fritz Busch conducted most of it, and the performing body was the Philharmonic-Symphony. Marian Anderson, the contralto, and Claudio Arrau, the pianist, were the principal soloists. The program ended with selections from Handel's "Messiah," conducted by Sir Ernest MacMillan, with John Brownlee and the chorus of the Schola Cantorum doing the vocal work. I won't go into the other numbers played, except to observe that the evening began with a "Ceremonial Fanfare" composed for the occasion by David Diamond, and that it struck me as an arch, playful piece of music, too thin and small in design for such an affair as this. I didn't feel too easy about the evening as a whole—it seemed rather bland—but I did feel somehow cheered by the mere fact that such a concert was taking place.

THE Met did "Faust" last week for the first time this season and restored the "Walpurgis Night" ballet sequence for the first time in more than thirty years. It was probably unnecessary, since the ballet is exceedingly undramatic and no help at all to the



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sprawling plot of Gounod's opera. Very likely it was expected to give the new resident company of dancers, governed by Antony Tudor, a chance to shine, but Tudor was limited by the collection of mercilessly insipid tunes that make up this part of the score, and about all he and his dancers could do was display their technical ability and grace and present a pretty stage picture, which lost interest long before the scene came to an end. For once, though, there was the experience, uncommon at the Met, of hearing intermittent applause during the course of the music. Confronted with a fifteen-minute-long ballet scene, the opera fans were obviously too uncertain of their ground to hiss the demonstrators to silence. The opera itself was given a fairly sound, though not an especially stirring, interpretation onstage, with Fausto Cleva, the conductor, doing an admirable job in the pit.

A PAIR of recitals last week at Carnegie Hall—one by Gyorgy Sandor, the pianist, and the other by Julian Olevsky, the violinist—missed fire, despite the technical proficiency of both men. They lacked persuasiveness, principally. Sandor reached his finest expression with a sympathetic performance of Schumann's "Carnaval." The violinist was never compelling.

—DOUGLAS WATT

CONCERT RECORDS

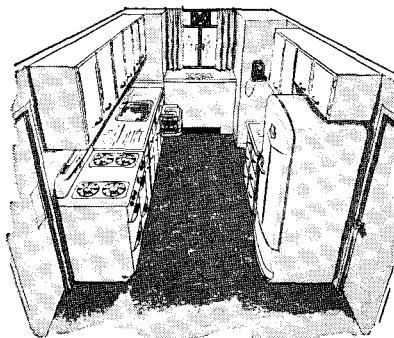
An Armful of Operas

SEVERAL new recordings of operas have come along in the past few weeks. One of them is Gian-Carlo Menotti's "The Consul," which ended a successful run on Broadway recently. It has been issued by Decca on two long-playing records made by the original cast and orchestra. There are a number of cuts along the way, but they are all slight, and don't interfere with the development of the work. Since "The Consul" is an amazing unification of the arts of music and the theatre, a portion of the effectiveness it had on the stage is lost on records, but not enough to cause any serious discomfort. As a matter of fact, some of the stage effects were embarrassingly overdone, to my way of thinking. What I did miss in listening to the records was the magician's handiwork in the second act, the only bit in this relentlessly pathetic story that borders on cheerfulness; one can hear him and his wrenchingly lilting music, but anybody who saw the show will feel disappointed at not being able to watch him work through his gaudy

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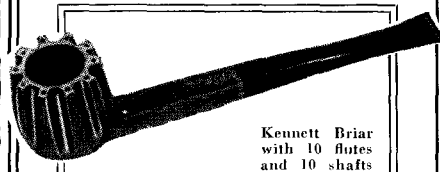
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bag of tricks. The main thing, though, is that "The Consul" comes across strongly on records. It was bound to, for while neither the music nor the libretto rises very far above the sentimental level, everything about both of them is admirably direct. The only step away from the somewhat unhealthy, if fascinating, theatricalism that pervades the piece is Magda Sorel's incandescent aria "To This We've Come," which is the most moving thing in the entire opera, simply because it has an intellectual honesty that is absent everywhere else. Unfortunately, during its course it lifts "The Consul" to a height that gives the listener a glimpse of what a less lurid work on the subject, benefiting from the same craftsmanship shown here, might have been. Such speculation is futile, however, and "The Consul" is, after all, a remarkable creation of its kind. Its text is terse and to the point, and the fourteen instruments for which it is scored are employed in a masterly fashion.

The cast, on the whole, is superb. Patricia Neway, in the arduous central role of Magda, has a magnificent dramatic-soprano voice, expressive throughout its range. Not far behind her in importance and excellence are Gloria Lane, as the Secretary, and Marie Powers, as the Mother. Leon Lishner, a baritone, is less valuable on records than he was in the stage performance; his voice is mediocre, though intelligently used as far as the dramatic values of the script are concerned, whereas his physical presence was ideally suited to the role of the menacing police official. On the other hand, the tenor voice of Andrew McKinley, whose physical presence, as the magician, also added much to the stage presentation, comes across fine. The musical ensemble, a capable one, is under the direction of Lehman Engel.

VICTOR's "Rigoletto," a full-length rendition of the Verdi thriller, put out on three long-playing records (a selection of high spots is also available, on a single record), is a splendid job all around, with one troubling exception—or one that troubled me, anyway. The recording was evidently done in a vast and cavernous studio, and while the performance has a "large" sound, there is a disturbing hollowness about it, too. Some listeners may enjoy this quality (it's a matter of taste, of course); at some moments the music is pleasantly resonant, but at others it seemed to me to be hard and stony. In other respects, though, the recording is superior. Leon-



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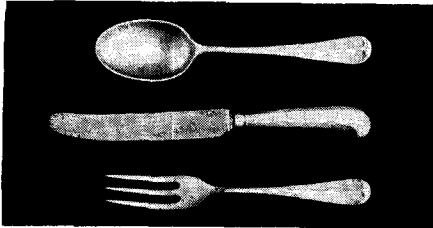
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and Warren, in the title role, and Erna Berger, as Gilda, are extremely good, and so is the chorus, assembled and coached by Robert Shaw; in fact, I doubt whether even the chorus of the Metropolitan Opera has ever done as well. Jan Peerce, in the part of the woe-fully irresponsible Duke, is only a trifle less compelling than the two other leads, and Italo Tajo and Nan Merriman, as Sparafucile and Maddalena, are up to the demands of their parts. Renato Gelini conducts, and the performance is well paced.

"ELEKTRA," in many ways the outstanding opera in Richard Strauss's garish output, is the tense subject of a new Cetra-Soria recording on two long-playing records. The mastermind here is none other than Dimitri Mitropoulos, who conducted the performance this was recorded from in Florence last May, only a few months after his triumphant concert presentation of the same work in Carnegie Hall. The singers and instrumentalists are mostly good. About the only principal singer I didn't care for was Daniza Ilitsch, a soprano who may be remembered from her appearances with the Met a few seasons back. She is cast as Chrysothemis, and her voice is a bit too slippery and characterless for me. It is particularly ineffective in the pounding surf of the orchestration following the murder of Aegisthus. The others, however, beginning with Amy Konetzni, as Elektra, are refreshingly adroit in their manipulation of the difficult vocal lines. Miss Konetzni has a big, persuasive voice that makes one fully believe in the haunted Elektra. Martha Mödl, a contralto, is wonderfully baleful as Klytemnestra. Hans Braun, who plays Orestes, has a large, first-rate baritone and sings with becoming gravity. Franz Klarwein, a heroic tenor, has the role of Aegisthus, and although it is a small part, he gives it such fine feeling that it stands out sharply. The orchestra and chorus are from the Maggio Musicale Fiorentino, and Mitropoulos holds all the elements of the squirming score neatly together.

A COUPLE of Mozart's less familiar stage scores have been put out by Mercury. "Idomeneo," his first large opera, which combines an awkward libretto with some of his finest music, was recorded in Germany, and "The Impresario," a trifling one-act theatre piece, is a homemade effort. Since the latter performance is exceedingly amateurish and inept, I'll deal



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first with "Idomeneo." This opera, we are told in an introduction to the album, which contains two long-playing records, has worried a number of people and been reworked often; the present version was prepared by Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari, who also wrote a couple of new tunes for it. I have no way of knowing how it compares with other variations on the original, and can report only that the story itself remains clumsy. The music, however, is a different matter, abounding in noble arias and choruses. Franz Klarwein, the fellow who does such commendable work in the "Elektra" recording, steps out in the title role this time and is highly satisfactory. All the leading roles are well sung, for that matter. Gottfried Riedner, an agreeable lyric tenor, plays Idomeneo's son Idamanthes, and his singing has a properly sweet and dedicated quality. Marianne Schech and Maud Cunits, a pair of accomplished sopranos, are heard as Electra (she crops up here, too, but spelled differently) and Ilia, daughter of King Priam, respectively. The Bavarian Radio Chorus and Orchestra, two moderately effective groups, are under the direction of Hans Altmann.

The less said about "The Impresario," the better. It occupies a long-playing single, and the only helpful performers are Mordecai Bauman, a baritone who has just a speaking role here, and Luigi Vellucci, a tenor who plays the part of a composer. The other two members of the cast, a pair of faulty sopranos, spoil what little charm the work has. I'd forget all about it, if I were you. —D. W.

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One of America's most historic sites is 134 Market Street. Wm. Penn built his first house there in 1682. Later it was the location of Dunlap and Claypoole's print shop where the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, Washington's Farewell Address were printed, and America's First Daily Newspaper was published. 134 Market Street is now the site of a Horn & Hardart Restaurant.—Menu of a Philadelphia eating place.

And so it goes.

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Herald Tribune]

LOS ANGELES, Nov. 14 (UP)—Women employees of the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company's general offices complained today of runs in their nylon stockings.

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ZWARTE PIET

LAST summer, when I was visiting a friend in Amsterdam, a small incident occurred that I like to remember now, in the holiday season. I had only two days to spend in Amsterdam, but my friend and her husband told me almost as soon as I arrived that I must see Marken, a tiny, picturesque island in the Zuider Zee that has to be reached by water taxi from the city, and I went there the first afternoon of my visit.

Apparently, I was the only Negro woman the islanders had ever seen. I had already found myself a center of curiosity in other parts of Europe, for although most Europeans had seen Negro G.I.s, a dark-skinned woman always seemed to make their eyes pop. However, in Marken they were more curious than anywhere else. They not only stared, they actually followed me about, especially the children. Since, like any other tourist, I simply wanted to wander around the fishing village there on the island, I was embarrassed and thought they were downright rude.

They weren't at all unfriendly, though. I had my camera with me, and wanted to get some snapshots of them in their native costumes—the women in embroidered caps and wearing aprons over full skirts, and the men in brown, blue, or white pants that looked like big bloomers—and they posed willingly. The children, in particular, seemed to go out of their way to smile at me and be polite. I was puzzled when their attention, instead of falling off after a while, grew greater. I didn't know much Dutch, but I could make out that they kept saying something about "Zwarte Piet," and one plump woman who held a baby in her arms waved at me and told the baby I was "Piet's Moeder." Finally, when there was a whole noisy troop of youngsters following me, I turned and shouted at them to go away. They did, but very reluctantly, their faces solemn and disappointed.

BACK in Amsterdam that night, I asked my friend why the people on Marken had been so curious about me. She said she didn't understand it. She is a blond New York girl who married a Dutchman. When they went to Holland, a few years ago, to visit his family, she found she liked it there, and they stayed on. She thought my question over for a while, and then asked her husband, who guessed the answer almost at once. "Of course!" he said. "They



"Tough break, H-D!"

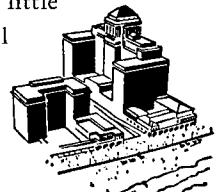
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thought you were the mother of *Zwarte Piet*."

"Who's he?" I asked.

"Part of the Christmas legend," he said, laughing. "Black Peter is a little boy who helps Santa Claus. He's the one who actually brings the gifts to the good children. He's Santa's helper—his servant. So at Christmas the kids look forward to seeing Black Peter even more than to seeing Santa Claus. That's why they were so interested in you."

"It's only July, and they already have Christmas on their minds?" I asked.

He shrugged. "They are poor," he said. "A gift is an important thing to them—a rarity."

"Well," I said, a little bit annoyed, "I wish Peter wasn't just Santa's servant. He ought to be a partner. How did the legend start?"

"Who knows?" he said, shrugging again. "Probably has some relation to the ancient Moors."

THE next day, before I left on the Paris train, I stuffed my pockets with hard candies and took the water taxi to Marken. As soon as I stepped ashore, the kids began to gather, and as I walked along, they followed me. I gave them the candy. Their astonishment and the happiness in their faces were a wonderful reward. I kept thinking, *Imagine! Imagine being a part of the Christmas legend, being looked upon as the mother of a dark little boy who represents the happiness all children have a right to expect!* —ESTHER LACY

"Breakthrough" is surely the best of the World War II pictures to emerge so far—with only the exception of "Iowa Jima."
—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

Neither of them can hold a candle to "Oklanawa."

What are the populations of Oakdale and Tracy? What is the longest bride in the world and how long is it? What is the smallest size in brassieres? CURIOUS.
—*Modesto (Calif.) Bee*.

Aren't you just a little *too* curious, perhaps?

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BOOKS

A Matter of History



ON December 2, 1930, Franklin D. Roosevelt wrote Thomas W. Lamont that he feared he would be unable to attend a Harvard Club dinner on January 29th of the following year. He had, he said, already "accepted an invitation to be in New York on February seventh, and it is, as you know, extremely difficult for me to run down to New York constantly from Albany, especially when the Legislature is in session." This is the substance of the letter, and, unhappily, the substance of this letter does not differ greatly in kind from that of about fifty per cent of the material in "F.D.R.—His Personal Letters: 1928-1945" (Duell, Sloan & Pearce), two massive volumes that complete a four-volume series of which the first two volumes, "Early Years" and "1908-1928," were published a few years back. Roosevelt, in his maturer and busier period, was a credit to the age of Western Union and the Bell System. Like most of his contemporaries, he wrote personal letters only when it would have been unmannerly or extravagant to use the less demanding means of communication. A true modern, he regarded letter writing as a nasty chore, to be got out of the way as quickly and painlessly as possible. Although it is said that in conversation he was sometimes exasperatingly garrulous, he never used two words where one would do when politeness or economy made him take to the mails. His epistolary style was spare, sinewy, and rigorously functional. A letter that displays these qualities almost to perfection is one to Jesse Jones, which reads:

DEAR JESSE:

Ever so many thanks for the delicious grapefruit. We all enjoyed them so much.

I wish you could have been here for the Inauguration; it was a great day.

Very sincerely yours,

In order to give bulk to these volumes, it has, apparently, been necessary to print just about everything now available in the thanks-for-the-delicious-grapefruit category that Roosevelt wrote during his years in Albany and Washington, a period of his life that was largely a matter of one damned crate of citrus after another. Nevertheless, only half the items in each volume are "personal

letters," even by the relaxed standards that admit the correspondence with Lamont and Jones. The rest are either not personal or not letters. They include memoranda, self-reminders, ideas jotted down in the night, little verses written for birthdays or other festive occasions, directions to the household help ("Feathered game should never be plucked until just before it is eaten. Taking off the feathers dries up the meat"), and, in a few cases, letters by people other than Roosevelt to people other than Roosevelt. Some of this miscellany makes good and instructive reading, and no doubt all of it is, as the saying goes, indispensable to scholars, but, all in all, it is a pretty dull business, and very little of it tells us anything we hadn't known before and had wanted to know. Roosevelt's part in his exchanges with Churchill, Hopkins, Hull, and many others is, as a rule, worth reading, but most of it has already been published or adequately summarized in the press and in books by or about the men he addressed himself to.

Roosevelt was, of course, a large enough figure in the world to justify the preservation in some form of everything he wrote, even of such bits as "Memorandum for Pa [Watson]: Speak to me about seeing Wendell Willkie next week. F.D.R." One wonders, though, whether it is sensible to get together this sort of thing in books intended for the general, and eye-strained, public, and one wonders particularly whether it is sensible to get it together at a time when the innocuousness of the documents is one prerequisite for their publication. For these two volumes are neither a selection of the best of Roosevelt's letters and miscellany in the period covered nor a collection of all of them. They are a selection of the letters in private hands and a collection of certain of the papers that have been made available by the National Archives. Fifteen or twenty per cent of Roosevelt's papers are still locked up, because it is felt by their custodians that their release would either damage living persons or prejudice pending public issues. But these



"There you go—getting ashes all over your new smoking jacket!"

two volumes do not represent even a winnowing of the eighty or eighty-five per cent of the papers now available. In fact, they are based on a study of only about five per cent of the total number at present open to inspection. In other words, it should be possible to publish about forty or fifty more volumes at least as interesting as these and perhaps a bit more.

These two volumes are notable for introducing a new concept of the editorial function. On the title page, it is recorded that they were "Edited by Elliott Roosevelt, Assisted by Joseph P. Lash." In Elliott Roosevelt's brief introduction, he explains that "in preparing these volumes, I found my time was rather limited. For that reason, I availed myself of the assistance of Mr. Joseph P. Lash." Mr. Roosevelt then goes on to say that Mr. Lash did all the research for the explanatory notes—the biggest job in an enterprise of this sort, and in this case admirably done—and he pays tribute to the "ability and scholarship" shown by Mr. Lash "in completing this exhaustive study." He adds that he himself acted "in an advisory capacity" and that the "principal burden of the job has rested on the shoulders of Mr. Lash." It sounds as if the publishers ought to reconsider the question of who edited what and who was assisted by whom.

WHEN "The Grand Alliance," the third volume of Winston Churchill's war memoirs, was published, early this year, a good many readers complained that it did not quite meet the exalted standards set in the previous books. It seemed to them that Churchill was losing his zest for his great undertaking, that he was no longer using his wartime papers to illustrate and document a narrative but had begun to lay them one on top of another, like bricks, and was using only enough mortar, or new writing, to hold the structure together, and, finally, that much of the new writing was pedestrian stuff to be coming from such a mighty pen. The same people will probably say the same things about the fourth volume, "The Hinge of Fate" (Houghton Mifflin). The writing is plainer and less rhetorical, and a hasty check of the preceding books does seem to indicate that Churchill is now leaning more and more heavily on his filing cabinets and is doing less and less original writing. My feeling, however, is that the latest volume is, if anything, even better than the earlier ones. It has always seemed to me that the only way Churchill's style

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could be improved was to cut out some of the sounds made by the woodwind and brass instruments, and he seems to be making exactly this improvement himself. It may be because of flagging energy, but if that is so I would say that he writes more interestingly when he is weary than he does when he is full of pep. As for the increased reliance on documents, that is all right, too, for they were composed when he had little time to enrich them with purple and little reason, except in the public speeches, for doing so.

"The Hinge of Fate" is a swift, straightforward narrative that begins on January 17, 1942, when the Prime Minister returned to England after his post-Pearl Harbor visit to Washington, and ends early in June of 1943, when he returned from Africa, where he had discussed with British, French, and American military men the plan to invade Italy. The military fortunes of the Allies changed from very bad to very good in those seventeen months. In early 1942, there were defeats in the Philippines, Malaya, and Burma; Singapore fell; and German armies advanced on El Alamein and Stalingrad. By mid-1943, there had been the victories in the Coral Sea, at Midway, and at Guadalcanal; Stalingrad had been successfully defended; and Montgomery and Eisenhower, having reconquered Africa, were ready for Italy. The political sections of the book deal with the near-defection of Australia in 1942, with the Government crisis after the fall of Tobruk, with the pooling of British and American research on atomic energy, with the tragic failure of the Cripps mission to India, with Molotov's visit to London and Churchill's to Moscow, with the Darlan episode, and with the Casablanca Conference. I can think of no fresh way of praising Churchill's gifts as a historian, but it is well to point out that this fourth volume of his war memoirs should be found particularly agreeable at the moment, because it tells how we got out of a mess almost as bad as—or, conceivably, as the future may prove, a little worse than—the one we are in right now.

IT may be that, as certain French and other neutral critics argue, modern American literature has far more life and promise than modern English literature, but no one, certainly, could defend a similar claim on behalf of our historical and political writing. Even putting aside Churchill, who is *sui generis*, the British consistently do better than we do. Historian for historian,

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journalist for journalist, they outwrite us, and this is as true when they are writing about our history and politics as when they are writing about their own. No American did better with our nineteenth-century politics than Lord Bryce, and no living American has written about his country in this century with as much wit and knowledge as Denis W. Brogan, of Peterhouse, Cambridge. The best recent example of the British superiority in this field is Alistair Cooke's "A Generation on Trial" (Knopf), an account of the two trials of Alger Hiss. It is not only the finest report on a much-reported case but one of the most vivid and literate descriptions of an American political event that have ever been written. Cooke, the American correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, attended both trials for his paper and filed daily dispatches that were more detailed and more intelligently analytical than any that appeared in our press. For his book, he seems to have plucked from his *Guardian* articles no more than an unimprovable phrase here and there, and an occasional idea that was serviceable enough to be used again. The book is based principally on the official transcripts of the trials, and it is at once a magnificent summary of them and a splendid anthology of their more arresting passages.

It is clear that it was in some measure Cooke's dissatisfaction with the way the American papers covered the case that drove him to make his own report. He was shocked by what he considered the mischief-making of the headline writers—a group whose "slap-happy professional immunity" is, he sternly remarks, "something that can be cured not by lamentation but by law"—and by the reporters, who, he believes, "debased the political trial and the personal tragedy of Hiss and Chambers by writing about the one without misgiving and the other without compassion." In his post-trial account, Cooke has not, of course, been under even a moral obligation to suppress his own views, and he has not done so. Just the same, he has approached the case with the apprehension of a man who, while he knows he will not go to jail for what he says, fears he may go to Hell for it. He has written with misgiving and with compassion about both Hiss and Chambers. I am inclined to think that although he considers the second jury's verdict in accord with the facts and the law, he bestows a trifle more compassion on Hiss than on Chambers. He realizes, as anyone who followed the case did, that there



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were elements of class pride and loyalty in the instinctive sympathy for Hiss that rose up spontaneously in so many places; as he puts it, the attack on Hiss by "the reputedly 'untidy' and vagabond Chambers, a brooding intellectual, and an admitted former Communist, was the old threat of the great unwashed against the genteel tradition." There is more than a little internal evidence that Cooke, consciously or otherwise, wishes to uphold the genteel tradition against this threat. But, whatever the shading of his sympathies, his sense that tragedy is immanent in all lives is what gives the book its character. This leads him to the superbly sound judgment that Julian Wadleigh—the man who ruefully admitted having engaged in precisely the kind of espionage Hiss was accused of and who, though he regretted them, "refused to revamp his 1938 beliefs" in 1949—was probably "the one sure tragic figure of the Hiss case."

It is Cooke's belief, as the title of his book implies, that when Hiss went on trial, to be "judged in one decade for what he was said to have done in another," all the liberal and radical intellectuals of the thirties went on trial with him. The basis for this belief is that Hiss committed his crimes at a time when a desire to help the Soviet state was not in itself dishonorable or unpatriotic—when, in fact, it was shared by a great many deluded but unquestionably honorable people. The thought is a generous one but quite unsound, I think, as applied to Alger Hiss. For the most interesting thing about Hiss is that he appears to have been a nearly unique member of his generation of American Left Wing intellectuals. Aside from the Chambers accusation, there is no evidence whatever that Hiss was ever a Communist or a radical of any other description. Most of the young Leftists of the thirties flaunted their radicalism; they openly attended Communist meetings, affixed their names to Communist petitions, joined Communist organizations. To most of them, the thought of acting clandestinely was repugnant. Hiss seems never to have acted in any other fashion. He kept his skirts clean all along. Those who knew him well found it difficult to believe in his guilt because they could not credit him with the conviction or the character to have done what Chambers accused him of doing. He appears to have been a true underground man, and, whatever else may be said about his generation of intellectuals, it has shown itself to be pretty well united in its ab-

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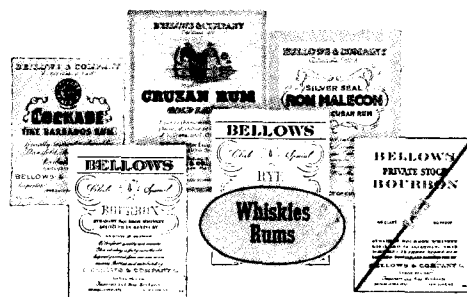


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horrence of the underground man and of the political systems that bring him into being. —RICHARD H. ROVERE

BRIEFLY NOTED FICTION

REDEMPTION, by Francis Stuart (Devlin-Adair). "Redemption" is a big sort of title for any book. "Righteousness" would have been a better title for this one. The hero, Ezra Arrigho, a resentful, humorless man of forty or so, inclined to make embarrassingly brash pronouncements on such matters as sin, religion, sex, women, and marriage, preaches of a world in which people will live chastened and afraid, in a permanent state of postwar awareness, or shock. Ezra, an Irishman who has been through the bombing of Berlin, transforms his nostalgia for the irresponsibility and, presumably, the camaraderie of the underground shelters into a violent desire to see all humanity punished. It is a pity that for the duration of the book he exercises a hypnotic power over the inhabitants of Altamont, an Irish village, whose lives nevertheless have a reality and a dignity that are not extinguishable. Mr. Stuart's writing is lively and fresh, his characters are highly developed, interesting individuals, and the place he writes of is appealing. Everything, in fact, is fine, except for the sour presence of Mr. Arrigho, a man most people would go out of their way to avoid.

THE FAR LANDS, by James Norman Hall (Little, Brown). A long and torpid tale of some early Polynesian tribes, based on a legend that disintegrates sadly under the relentless pounding of Mr. Hall's typewriter. At the back of the book there is printed a glossary of Polynesian words and their pronunciations, for readers who like to know how these islanders sound when they say things like "Oh, the rain!", "Food, plenty of it!", and, best of all, "Tirara!", meaning "Enough!" The Literary Guild selection for December.

THE WEB, by Rene Fülöp-Miller (Abelard). Three short novels about the people of a small Hungarian town called Caran. "Uncle Joca," the best of the three, deals with the mysterious relationship existing between a rich man of the town and the beggars who inhabit its streets; "Endre" is a pleasant, melancholy picture of childhood; and "The Great Bear" is a rowdy account of the effect of the death of



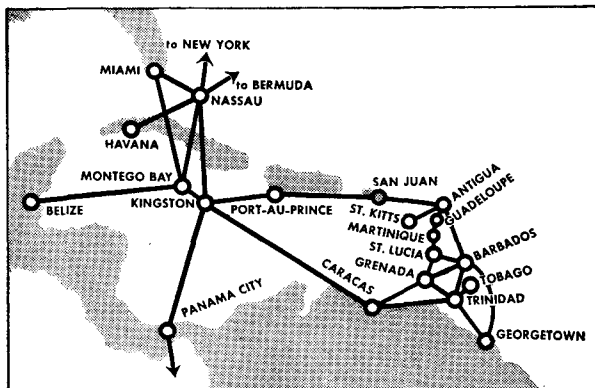
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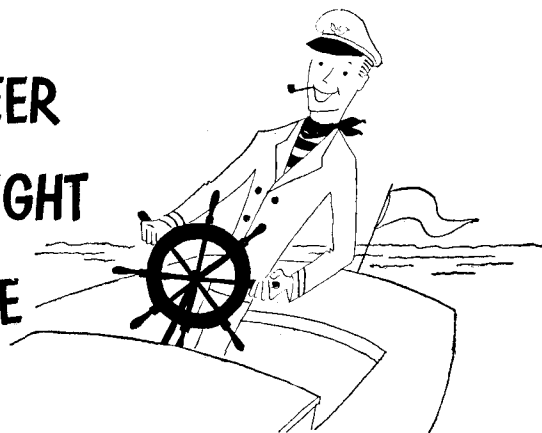


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a powerful landowner on his tenants and neighbors. Mr. Fülöp-Miller writes in a forthright, unaffected style that accords very well with the simple, folk-tale mood of his stories.

GENERAL

PORTRAIT OF A TURKISH FAMILY, by Irfan Orga (Macmillan). As a family portraitist, Mr. Orga is not only skillful but exceptionally fortunate in his subjects. Both his mother and grandmother, who occupy the foreground of his work, could certainly be classed as remarkable women in any country and at any time. As it happened, they were forced, after the death of the author's father, during the First World War, to live through a series of horrifying catastrophes together—meanwhile bringing up three children—even though they were completely at odds with each other temperamentally. Mr. Orga handles this difficult material very capably indeed, noting the comic as well as the unnerving results of the family clash of personalities, and giving in the process a good, clear picture of Istanbul during the First World War and of Turkey in its period of transformation. He also traces, without any self-pity at all, the tragic misunderstanding that grew up between him and his mother after she had had to put him and his brother into a German-conducted boarding school while she went to work, and that resulted ultimately in her decline into insanity.

SHERMAN HOYT'S MEMOIRS (Van Nostrand). Recollections of more than sixty years of international yachting by one of the best-known gentleman sailors in the world. Many of the author's early memories center around the crusty figure of his Uncle Cump, who was General William Tecumseh Sherman. The yachting part of his story starts in the eighteen-eighties; he describes the revival of the races for the America's Cup, and tells of his experiences in them and of the people he has known and raced with on most of the seas and oceans of the world. (Somebody once said that the best way to win a boat race was to shoot Sherman Hoyt on the starting line.) Mr. Hoyt's acquaintance has been varied, ranging from the Dowager Empress of China to Adolf Hitler, and including, of course, the Liptons, the Sopwiths, and the Vanderbilts. Some of the book is pretty technical and pretty special; detailed

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descriptions of yacht races are notoriously uninteresting except to sailors. But there is plenty more to make this a stimulating autobiography. Photographs.

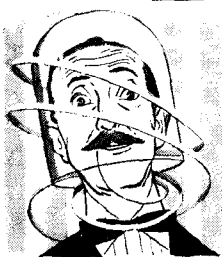
THE SWISS FAMILY PERELMAN, by S. J. Perelman (Simon & Schuster). The record of a trip around the world undertaken by the Perelmans—father, mother, twelve-year-old Adam, and ten-year-old Abby, who carted her cello with her. By the author's own account, his voyage developed into something of a running fight with his family, chance-met fellow-travellers, ship captains, maîtres d'hôtel, Dutch colonials, and other casuals of land and sea, from Hollywood to Bangkok to Paris. This is the second volume of Perelman's Voyages, and while it is not quite as clear and informative as, say, Hakluyt's, it's a sight funnier. Drawings by Al Hirschfeld.

THE STORY OF THE ABBEY THEATRE, by Peter Kavanagh (Devin-Adair). This all but perfect book goes far to prove what the Irish have been admitting for upward of a thousand years—that they are a witty, charming, disputatious, and unstable people, who, when no foreigners are on hand to betray them, exuberantly betray each other and themselves. The history of the Abbey is largely the history of Yeats' struggle to wring out of Ireland an art greater than Ireland was ready to acknowledge as its own. In the melodrama of the Abbey's rise and fall, Yeats proved a genuine hero, defeated in his sick and inattentive old age by a host of puny villains. It is a characteristic Irish irony that Yeats' vision of an ideal theatre was at once ritualistic and high-spirited, though Protestant, and was destroyed by forces at once puritanical and utterly dreary, though Catholic.

JAMES JOYCE'S DUBLIN, by Patricia Hutchins (British Book Centre). A picture book that fulfills its title's promise. The text, part travelogue, part biography, is a captivating combination of informality and reverence, and the photographs, some of them contemporary with the Dublin of Joyce's youth and the rest modern (though it's often hard to tell which is which), achieve a powerful evocation of the soiled, gracious, monumental, yet invincibly domestic city of which Joyce took the immortal measure.

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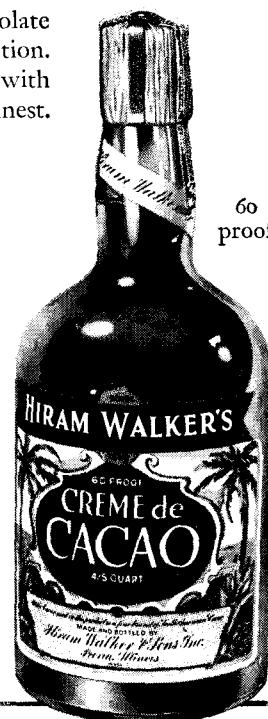
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Isaacs, Robert M. MacGregor, and Edward Reed (Theatre Arts). Articles on the stage, movies, music, and the dance which first appeared in the original *Theatre Arts* (the current magazine of that name is a totally independent venture), which was published from 1916 to 1948. The editors' dedication to all aspects of entertainment except the box office may account for the rather absurd gravity or fervor of some of the essays they published. Actually, the most persuasive and revealing piece in this collection is one by Louis Jouvet, in which he begins by stating firmly that the theatre's only problem is success, and then goes on to explain all the meanings that word has for an actor and a producer in a way that would even make sense to the staff of *Billboard*.

FROM PICASSO TO SURREALISM, by Maurice Raynal, Jacques Lassaigne, Arnold Rüdinger, and others (Skira). This book, the third, and last, volume in the series called History of Modern Painting, covers the period from the birth of Cubism, around 1907, to the present, and, like its predecessors, it is impressive in size, encyclopedic in scope, and copiously illustrated. However, the text, which breaks up the sequence of events into brief, separate discussions of the artists and movements involved, is a bit jerky and difficult to follow. A good share of the writing tends to be more laudatory than critical, but the fact that most of the authors were participants in the movements they describe gives their work considerable authority, and the illustrations, of which there are over a hundred, all in full color, are marvels of both selection and reproduction.

CHICAGO (UP)—Somebody—maybe his mother—once sneaked up to Whistler, the painter, and asked: "Is nudism immoral?"

Without lowering his easel or dipping a brush, the great one answered: "No. But the question is." That's the way Frances Stuart, a frep iorhol.lsnf eta ghgre etesa pioneer of the gas light era, feels about the way women dress today.

—Honolulu Star-Bulletin.

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